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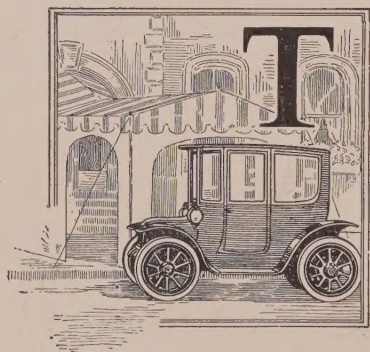
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# Contents, December, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

	PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Enrico Caruso in "Rigoletto"	
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Lydia Lopoukova in "The Swan Dance"	
TITLE PAGE: E. H. Sothorn as Hamlet	161
THE NEW PLAYS: "Julius Cæsar," "The Yellow Jacket," "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," "The Trial Marriage," "Bachelors and Benedicts," "The Point of View," "The Dove of Peace," "Our Wives," "A Rich Man's Son," "The Blindness of Virtue," "Bella Donna," "The Lady of the Slipper," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Snow White," "C. O. D."	
SCENES IN "THE YELLOW JACKET"—Full-page plate	165
THE OPERA SEASON OPENS—Illustrated	166
AN EVENING AT MADAME RACHEL'S—Illustrated	Alfred de Musset 168
WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS MARC ANTONY—Full-page plate	169
WHERE OPERATIC REPUTATIONS ARE MADE AND LOST—Illustrated	James E. Dunning 170
A FAMOUS OLD PLAYGOER—Illustrated	Grace Bigelow Patten 174
THE SAILOR DRAMATIST—Illustrated	Montrose J. Moses 176
MARY GARDEN AS THAIS—Full-page plate	177
NAPOLEON AND THE DRAMA—Illustrated	Eva E. vom Baur 178
SCENES IN "THE GYPSY"—Full-page plate	181
THE HOME FOLKS—Poem	Leslie Curtis 182
THE DEADLY CABARET—Illustrated	George Jean Nathan 183
THE FOREST THEATRE—Illustrated	185
NAZIMOVA—THE UNKNOWNABLE—Illustrated	Lucile Erskine 186
SCENE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"—Full-page plate	189
A CHINESE FAIRY-FALE—Illustrated	Richard Savage 191
SCENE IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER"—Full-page plate	193
CHICAGO APPLAUDS EUGENE WALTER'S NEW PLAY—Illustrated	194
SCENES IN "SNOW WHITE"—Full-page plate	195
THE PLAYER'S CHRISTMAS—Illustrated	Ada Patterson 196
SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN—Illustrated	Mabel Keightley 198
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	Emilie E. Hoffman xxvii

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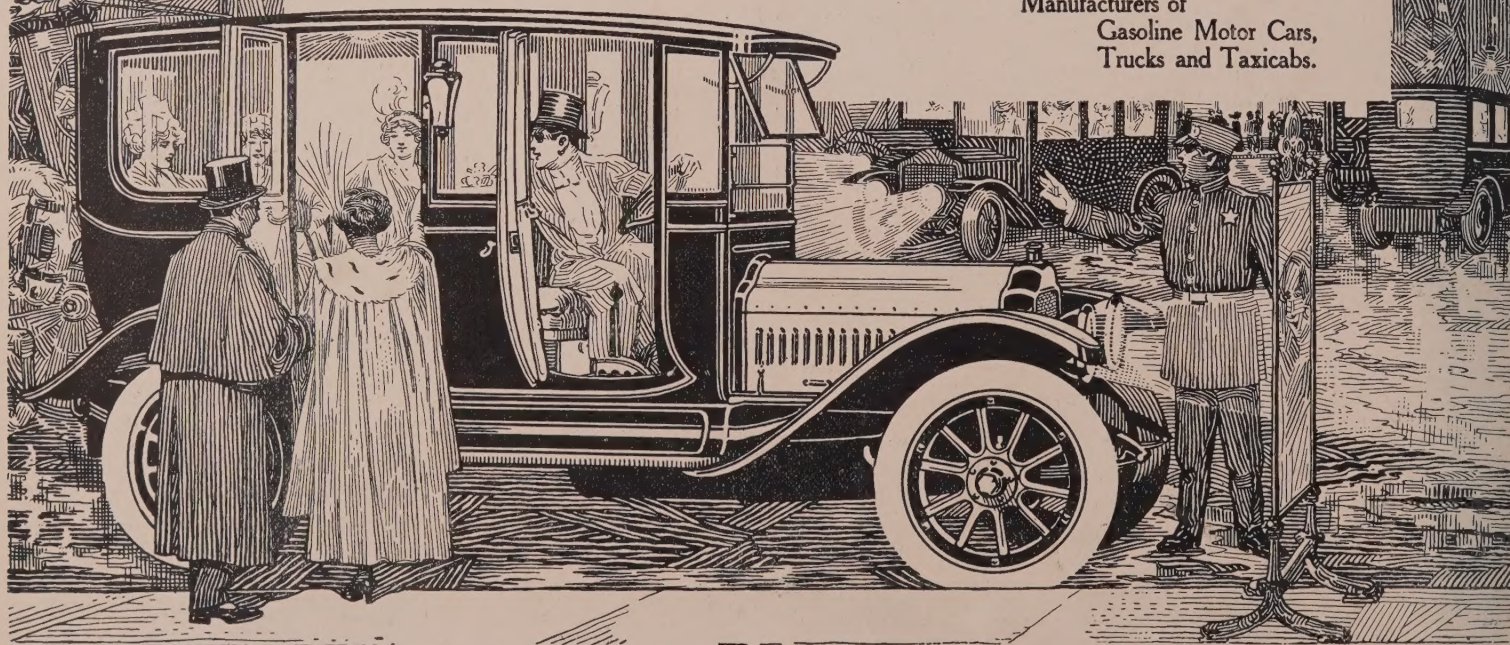
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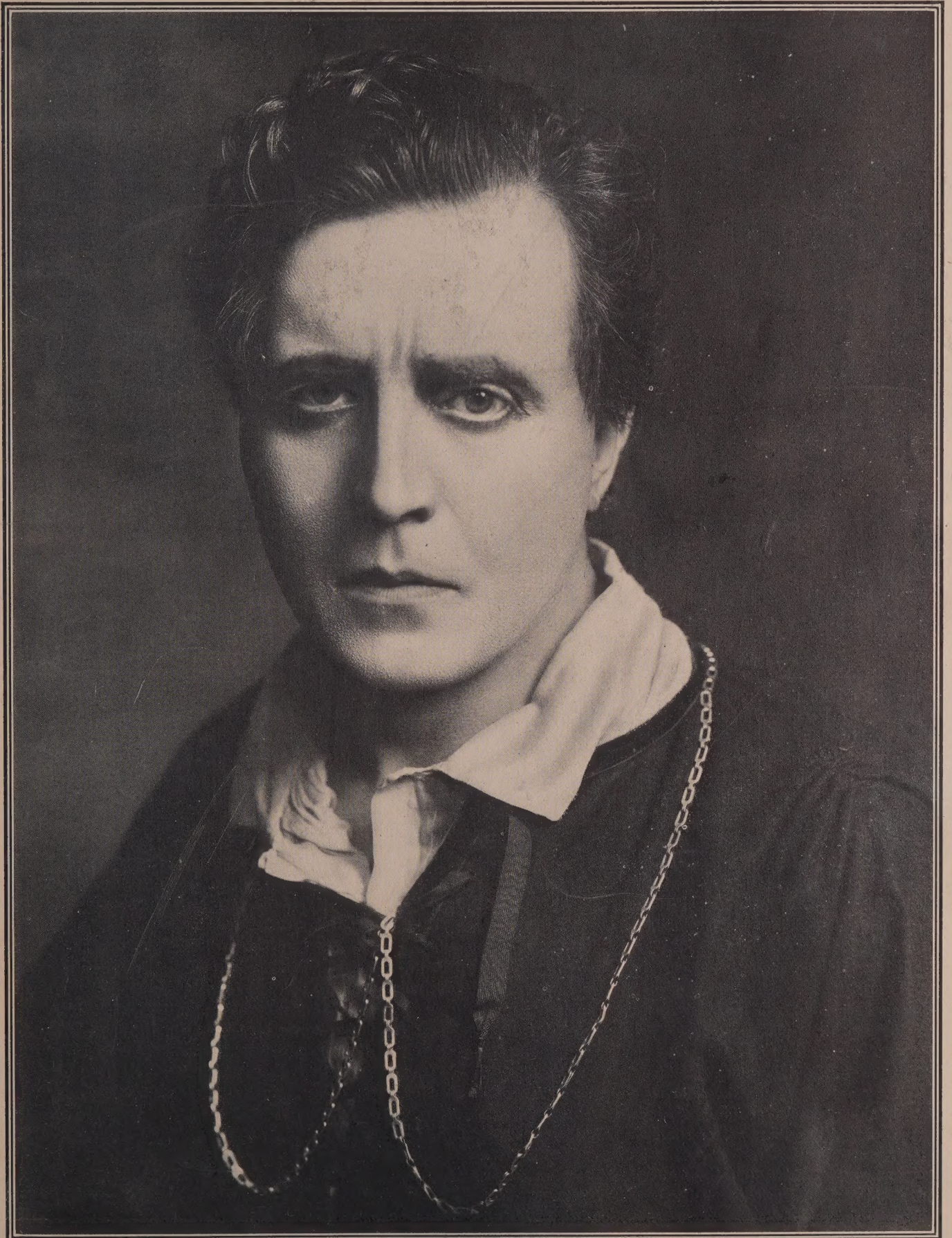
# THE THEATRE

VOL. XVI

DECEMBER, 1912

No. 142

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White

MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET





White

Marc Anthony (William Faversham); "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."  
THE ORATION SCENE IN WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

LYRIC. "JULIUS CAESAR." Play in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced November 4 with the following cast:

Julius Caesar.....Fuller Mellish  
Octavius Caesar.....Kenneth Hunter  
Marc Antony.....Mr. Faversham  
Marcus Brutus.....Tyrone Power  
Cassius.....Frank Keenan  
Casca.....Berton Churchill  
Cinna.....John Edmunds  
Trebonius.....Arthur Elliot  
Decius Brutus.....Maurice Franklin

Metellus Cimper.....Henley Edwards  
Popilius Lena.....Arthur Row  
Soothsayer.....Frederick Howe  
Titinius.....Edmund Mortimer  
Messala.....Richard Clifford  
Lucius.....Elsie Rizer  
Pindarus.....Frank Howson  
Calpurnia.....Jane Wheatley  
Portia.....Julie Opp

Another actor with the courage of his Shakespearian convictions has come to town. William Faversham is his name, and the Lyric Theatre is the scene of his elaborate, intelligent and impressive production of "Julius Caesar." It is a nice devotion to a poetic ideal that induces this graceful and earnest actor to forsake the profitable fields of the romantic and modern for the sometimes uncertain pastures of the higher drama. He deserves his reward, and it would seem as if he would get it.

"Julius Caesar" is a delight to all ages. Its glorious dramatic movement, its patriotic appeal, all stir the pulse of youth, while the older will never cease to find pleasure and profit in its beautiful verse and deep philosophical content. This city has seen many notable revivals of the famous play, and some of the greatest lights of the stage have figured in either of its three wonderful parts.

The scenic background for the present production is from designs by the late Sir Alma Tadema, painted by Joseph Harker. Whether one cares entirely for the Dutchman's *genre*, accuracy was its great point, and Harker, of all modern scene painters, would be the one to carry out the color scheme to a nicety, and yet it would almost seem that the scenic investiture of the Lyric were a trifle overdone; that greater simplicity would have conduced to greater effect. Certain it is that in the costumes there are some moments of fearful clash. Antony's delicate raspberry peplum should flee the scarlet-banded toga of the Senator. But the detail is all rich and elaborate. As a production it is vivid and sumptuous.

Now come we to Hecuba. When such an earnest effort

## THE NEW PLAYS

has been induced to bring about a big artistic result, it seems almost captious to quibble; but there is something lacking in

the interpretation. The bull's-eye is missed. What is lacking is the big, impelling, spirited note of the traditional. Some of the players seem afraid to let themselves out, as if fearful they would be charged with ranting. The crowds are spiritedly handled, the action is varied and real, but there are genuine climaxes that are let down for want of real red blood. Mr. Faversham makes a gallant and ideal figure as Antony. The spirit of youth is there, the warmth of his affection for Caesar is deeply simulated, and his appeal to the Roman populace is a declamatory incident of illuminative variety. Ordinarily the third act ends with Antony's stirring outburst: "Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war." But Mr. Faversham leaves in what is usually cut and introduces a bit of original pantomime, artistic, but violently anti-climacteric.

The beautiful dignity and loveliness of Brutus was splendidly portrayed by Tyrone Power, whose elocution is a delight to the ear, but Frank Keenan seems to have missed the impulsive, waspish note of Cassius. Not until the quarrel in the tent does he strike the true spirit of the rôle that, if it didn't die when Lawrence Barrett passed away, at least was realized when that noble actor was alive. Mr. Keenan is altogether too measured and reserved in the opening act. Fuller Mellish is the Julius Caesar and Julie Opp a very beautiful Portia. Arthur Elliot is a sonorous and impressive Trebonius, and there is both character and impressive vitality to Lionel Belmore's First Citizen. In the pronunciation of proper names there should be a unanimity.

FULTON. "THE YELLOW JACKET." Chinese play in three parts by George C. Hazelton and J. Harry Benrimo. Produced Nov. 4th. Cast:  
Property Man.....Arthur Shaw  
Chorus.....Signor Perugini  
Wu Sin Yin.....George Relp  
Tai Fah Min.....Reginald Barlow  
Due Jung Fah.....Grace Valentine  
Tso.....Antoinette Walker  
Chee Moo.....Saxone Morland  
Suey Sin Fah.....Grace A. Barbour  
See Quoe Fah.....Betty Brewster  
Moy Fah Loy.....Juliette Day

This play is an absolute novelty, not a variation on something we have known before. In those parts which we assume to be true to the original the piece is ludicrously amateurish and yet



very genuine and effective in its expression of emotion, romance and poetry. One hesitates at first to take it seriously. It is so much after the manner of a burlesque, but very soon the curious mixture of crudity and effectiveness, of pathos and comedy, make it a very real thing. The story of the play is simple and intelligible, and yet, in the matter of time, it extends over the lives of two generations, the older set being gathered to their honorable ancestors, the greater part of the action being concerned with the children. It is filled with adventures, its people travel over mountains and rivers, and one of the ancestors, a lovable mother, ascends to heaven by the convenient rungs of a ladder. There is no change of scene except by way of devices supplied by a primitive imagination. If a different locality is to be suggested, a rearrangement of the chairs or boxes effects it. Walking around a table and exchanging seats puts two people together in another room. A small box placed on a chair to elevate the seat suggests a throne. A boat with its occupants passes down the stream by the intimation that the cloths held out between the stage-hands is a river and that certain bamboo poles are the oars. One hangs himself from a tree that is but a bare pole brought forward for the purpose. One's head is chopped off and a red bag is held up by the executioner as proof of duty fulfilled, while the victim, who has to be got out of the way for the purposes of the representation, walks off.

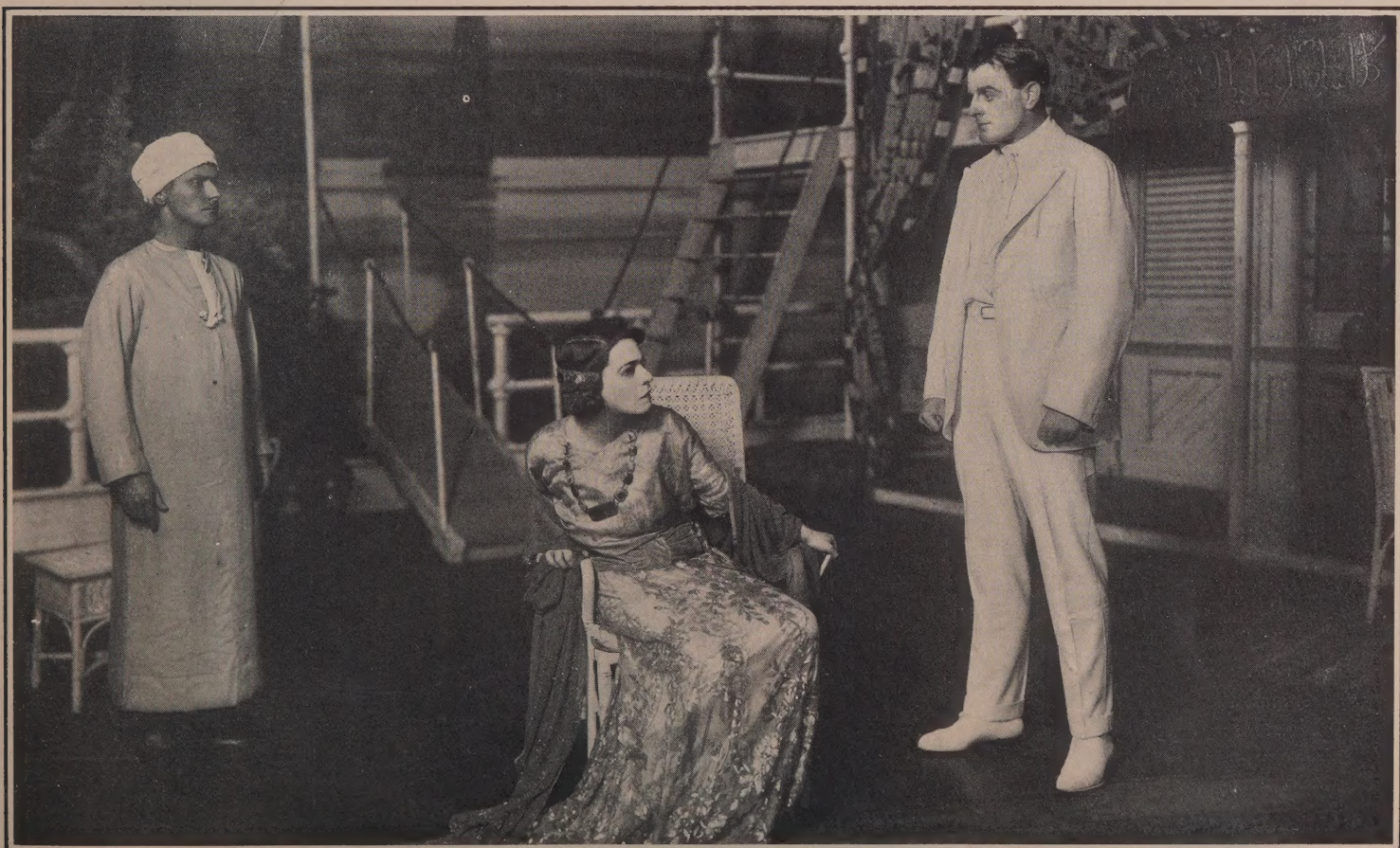
Such means are primitive and would seem to be meagre, but the ideas that helped to illusion are plentiful and are real if the means are not. The one room, or stage, where all the action takes place, in which mountains are traversed and rivers sailed, is not bare, but decorative. The walls pictured in rich colors with dragons, and the ingenious arrangement of doors of cloth folding upward, with other accessories, keep you entirely satisfied with the impression of locality and Oriental reality. In an alcove back sit the musicians. The admirable restraint of this music, used only on apt occasions for emphasis, is to be noted. The play is said to be an adaptation of a translation of more than one play dating back hundreds of years. Whatever the blend may be, it is certain that the authors have never overstepped the limits of a proper reproduction of the original in spirit and form. To have burlesqued it would have been fatal to the effect of this novelty.

The absurdest things are not burlesqued. The production after the manner of the Chinese theatre is truly comical, because of the seriousness of the stage-hands, the prompter and the author, who acts as chorus and praises himself blandly on every occasion. The prompter is just as deliciously droll. He sits to one side of the stage near his box of properties and supplies mountains, rivers, swords, rooms, scenery and properties of all kinds, going about his work in a manner indicating that he has thus participated in the production so many times that, if he has not lost piety in his service, he is beginning to be bored to extinction by the vanities, the sorrows and the adventures of the performance. All the while he smokes his cigarette, expertly pendent from his mouth, with an air of luxurious weariness. He is very human, very familiar, very droll. Thus we have a kind of play within a play.

Mr. Benrimo, long acquainted with the Chinese theatre in San Francisco, is undoubtedly holding to the fact within his own observation. The spirit of it is genuine. The story concerns, first, the two wives of a ruler. Dissatisfied with the son born to him by his first wife, he plots with another ruler to get rid of her and the child so that a son by the other wife, daughter of his fellow-conspirator, may rule when he reaches manhood. These two rulers have a conference, in which they wear hideous masks and go through most extraordinary ferocious performances with their legs and arms. When the two sons grow up there is a conflict between them, in which the better one, after being tried and his valor and uprightness proved, marries the maiden designed for the baser youth. He encounters and vanquishes monsters, frightful in appearance and breathing fire from their nostrils, the spouting fire being provided and set off in the most indifferent manner by the prompter.

The names of the characters indicate the poetic spirit and intent of the play. Among these characters are Chee Moo (Kind Mother), played by Miss Saxone Moreland; Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower), by Miss Grace Barbour; Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud), a flirtatious creature, full of grace and winning ways, by Antoinette Walker.

Mr. Arthur Shaw was the Property Man; Signor Perugini the Chorus, or Author. The play and production are so entirely novel



Copyright Charles Frohman

Hamza  
(Claus Bogel)Mrs. Chepstow  
(Mme. Nazimova)Dr. Isaacson  
(Charles Bryant)

SCENE IN ACT III OF "BELLA DONNA," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE EMPIRE.





White

HELEN WARE

In Act II of "The Trial Marriage" at the Hudson Theatre

that no account of it could be adequate. To use a phrase that is not novel, "The Yellow Jacket" must be seen to be appreciated.

ASTOR. "HAWTHORNE, U. S. A." Comedy romance in four acts by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on November 4 with this cast:

Miss Smyth.....Annie Hughes	Prince Halberstadt.....Martin L. Alsop
M. De Witz.....Ivan Simpson	M. Frederick.....Louis Labe
Princess Overitch.....Irene Fenwick	A Reporter.....W. Leonard Howe
Anthony Hawthorne.....Douglas Fairbanks	Kate Ballard.....Ruth Allen
Rodney Blake.....Sam B. Hardy	Thomas Ballard.....Rapley Holmes
Augustus III.....Allan Pollock	An Officer.....W. Mayne Lynton
Count Ivan Pavlovic.....Eric Blind	M. Adamovic.....Legai Robinson
General Hohenloe.....Henry Stephenson	M. Steinmetz.....Rexford Collins
Colonel Radukski.....Walter Howe	A Court Chamberlain.....Frederick Powell

James Bernard Fagan has always been regarded as an English writer of serious drama. "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," which has just scored an emphatic success at the Astor, is from his pen. It is not a bit serious, and if the original author were to see it he, too, would undoubtedly be seriously surprised. It is safe to say that

some American craftsman has had a very free and liberal hand in its present form. An American certainly drew that breezy title rôle and gave the genuine flavor to that illuminative slang which so humorously punctuates the dialogue. "Hawthorne, U. S. A." is a tearing whirlwind of farcical romance. Unreal as it all is, it is played with such serious earnestness that it seems almost human. It will appeal alike to the matinée girl and the tired business man, for be it said it is absolutely the best cast play of the season. There is not a rôle, even the non-speaking parts, that is not acted for its full dramatic value, and with artistic deference, too.

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne, a young tourist from the States, makes a killing at Monte Carlo. With his friend, Rodney Blake, he visits Oberon, the capital of Borrovina, which is on the eve of a revolution. Not knowing her rank, Hawthorne falls in love with the King's daughter. But when he finds she is in peril, he "starts something." Not only does he dispose of the traitorous Prince who would wed the Princess, but he nips the revolution in the bud, makes friends of the conspirators, introduces American business methods, and puts Borrovina on the map of successful countries, and in appreciation of his efforts, Augustus III, the King, indicates that Borrovina will become a republic, and so Irma, the Princess, and Hawthorne will undoubtedly be married in the very near future.

All this is very good fooling. The story is capitably told with constantly increasing interest, the action is sustained and cumulative, the dialogue is incisive, snappy and full of fun, the costumes picturesque and decorative and the scenery romantically bizarre.

The star is Douglas Fairbanks, and he enacts the title rôle with rollicking good nature, dramatic fire and true American hurrah! There is an admirably characteristic Minister of Police portrayed by Ivan Simpson; a blunt friend in Sam B. Hardy, and a domineering Prince in Martin L. Alsop. But for finish, dignity and distinction, the honors go to Allan Pollock for his rendering of Augustus III, a characterization of genuine beauty. The Princess is naïvely acted by Irene Fenwick; but, as before said, there is not a player in the cast who does not deserve individual mention.

HUDSON. "THE TRIAL MARRIAGE." Play in three acts by Elmer Harris. Produced on October 29 with this cast:

Robert Payne-Stewart....R. H. Hudson	Blair Thomas.....Harrison Hunter
Toma.....M. Toma	Alexander Prince.....Charles A. Stevenson
Richard Huntington.....Ernest Stallard	Marie Louise Le Val.....Helen Ware
Mrs. Ridgway.....Karra Kenwyn	Tilly.....Eleanor Stuart
Ione Payne-Stewart.....Margaret Gordon	Halloway.....Harry Lillford

Emotional female stars have hard times these days in securing suitable mediums for the display of their talents. Helen Ware is no exception. In the rôle of Marie Louise Ridgway, Elmer Harris has written for her a part which gives her histrionically splendid opportunities for comedy and drama, laughter and tears. And the every shade and phase of it is portrayed by her with wonderful artistic finesse and effect. But Marie Louise Ridgway is the central figure of an impossible dramatic fable, a story which will not be accepted seriously, not because the premises based on its title, "Trial Marriage," are almost unknown here, but that the real sociological question is begged for. The relations which Miss Ridgway and Blair Thomas, a professional faddist, enter into is not a trial marriage, but just a well-hidden liaison. When it is finally discovered, brought about by the jealousy of Thomas, Miss Ridgway finds herself in a most enviable position. She has not posed as the open champion of matrimonial liberty; she is no martyr of convention; she is simply the victim of an ordinary escapade who has been found out. For a conclusion, she marries the vulgar ruffian of the affair, acted with conscientious severity by Harrison Hunter. As an actor, three times married and three times the almoner of alimony, the unwilling jealous cause, Charles A. Stephenson presents a comedy creation, engaging in its personal charm, deft in its neat and illuminative little touches, and instinct with the dignity of the true gentleman. Ernest Stallard, too, as a man about town,

(Continued on page xiii)

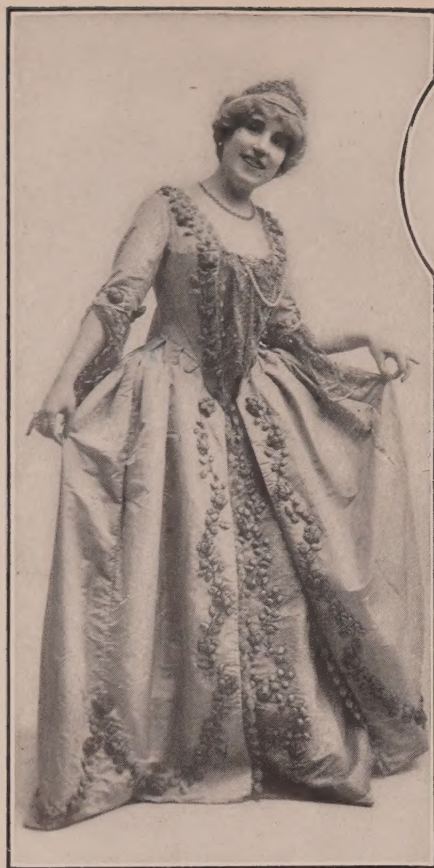




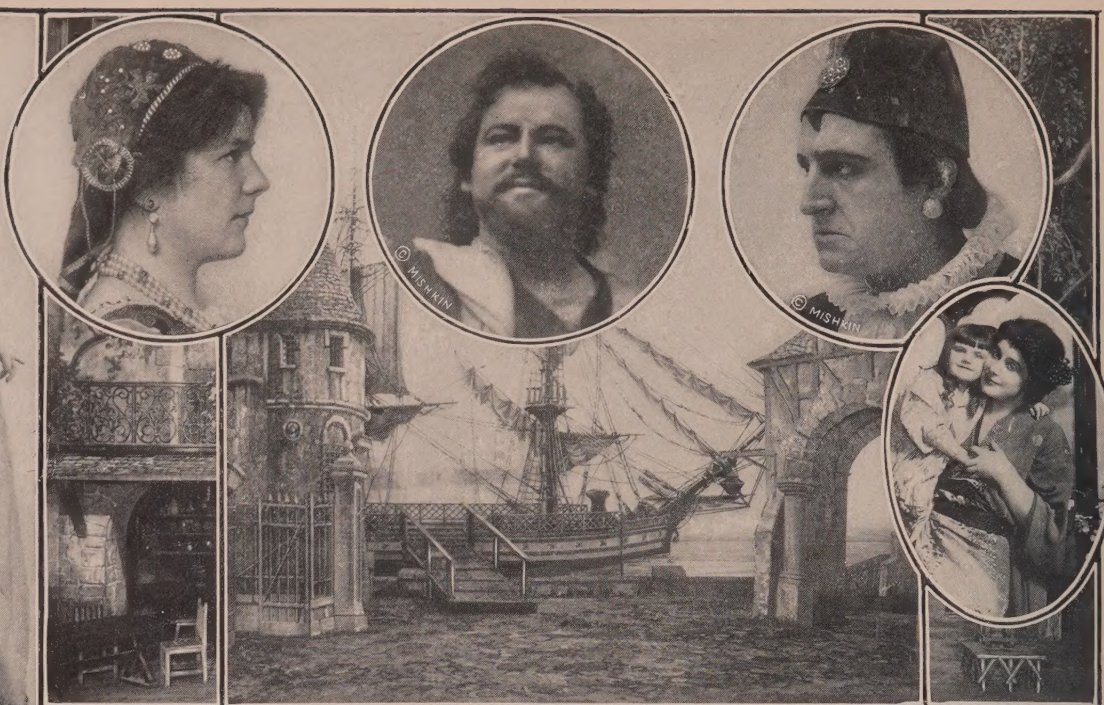
White  
 No. 1. Mow Dan Fah (Grace Valentine), See Quoe Fah (Betty Brewster), Yong Soo Kow (Grace Halleck), Chow Wan (Antoinette Walker), Yin Suey Gong (Reginald Barlow), Wu Hoo Git (George Relph). No. 2. The four flower girls. No. 3. Antoinette Walker and Grace Valentine. No. 4. Juliette Day as Moy Fah Loy. No. 5. Reginald Barlow and George Relph. No. 6. Juliette Day and George Relph. No. 7. Lee Sin (J. Arthur Young), and Suey Sin Fah (Grace A. Barbour)

SCENES IN "THE YELLOW JACKET," THE CHINESE PLAY NOW AT THE FULTON THEATRE





Copyright Mishkin  
Lucrezia Bori as Manon



Louise Homer in  
"La Gioconda"

Otto Goritz in "Königskinder"

Pasquale Amato in  
"La Gioconda"

Geraldine Farrar in  
"Madama Butterfly"

Scene in Puccini's opera "Manon Lescaut" which Opened the Season at the Metropolitan

## THE OPERA SEASON OPENS

WITH the blaring of brass and the bruising

of cymbals, with all the pomp of fashion, and with every nerve strained to achieve artistic results, the grand opera season of 1912-13 opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 11, with a revival of Giacomo Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." It was the beginning of the longest season of opera in the thirty-year history of this institution, a season which is to last twenty-three weeks of almost nightly opera; and it was the fifth season of the Metropolitan under the artistic guidance of Giulio Gatti-Casazza.

Originally it had been planned to begin this year's operatic doings with "Les Huguenots," in the form of an elaborate revival with an all star cast; but an attack of bronchitis upset these carefully laid plans, compelling the new German soprano, Frieda Hempel, to postpone her departure from Europe.

So "Manon Lescaut" was a second choice, yet it proved an admirable one. It gave opportunities for the introduction to the New York public of two new artists, the Spanish lyric soprano, Lucrezia Bori, and the recently acquired Italian conductor, Georgia Polacco. In addition there was the season's first hearing of such tried artists as Caruso and Scotti, there were four entirely new sets of scenery, handsome costumes and all necessary artistic trappings to mark the occasion as unusual, befitting the opening of the grand opera season. So no one longed the while for the postponed glories of "Les Huguenots."

Let it be said at the outset that it was an admirable and brilliant performance of "Manon Lescaut." Lucrezia Bori, whose family name is Borja in native Spanish, or Borgia in Italian, won success. That is saying a great deal for a new artist at the Metropolitan, for these audiences discount all foreign reputations, take their new ar-

tists seriously and frequently are leisurely in choosing favorites, even among famous singers. But Bori seems to have topsy-turried the usual order of things, for she won her audience with almost a single *aria* in the second act. She had impressed them by her appearance and beauty before, but vocally she had still to impress them when the first act concluded. She steeled herself for the effort, practiced every artistic wile and really sang her second-act *aria* wonderfully. Then the audience capitulated and showered her with applause. She is likely to prove a valuable singer in more ways than one. She has extreme youth, being still twenty-two; has appealing beauty and a bewitching stage presence. Her voice is small, but extremely pretty in quality, save when she makes it "white"—a quality detested here. It is flexible and it carries easily. She has temperament, is an excellent actress and knows how to dress—in short, she has the elements of success in her artistic make-up.

Polacco, new conductor, is unquestionably a good musician and a man of authority. He held his musicians in firm grip and he knew how to build effective climaxes. Once or twice his accompaniments were faulty in their impetuosity, but he more than atoned for these slips later by generally satisfying work. The charge of loudness has been laid at his door, but this is partially the fault of this particular opera score, which is far more blatant in its orchestration than most of the Puccini operas.

Caruso, as Des Grieux, sang more beautifully than he has in the past. There have been times, some years ago, when he was able and did hurl a fuller volume of sound at his shouting hearers. But at that time there were also certain crudities of phrasing and expression which have now disappeared. His artistic phrasing on the opening night was well nigh faultless, and added to it was that heaven-given quality of voice, the voice of a century.

As the brother, Lescaut, Antonio Scotti gave



Mishkin

Mme. Fremstad as Brünnhilde in "Götterdämmerung"



a remarkably fine bit of character acting, full of illuminating bits of detail that stamped it as extraordinary, and vocally he was satisfying. De Seguirola acted Geronte better than he sang it. Mme. Duchene was awkward and disappointing in the part of Un Musico. The scenic pictures were all very handsome, the costumes were artistic—in fact, it was a finished performance.

Inasmuch as this opera was heard at the Metropolitan in the season of 1907-8, it calls for little comment now, save that its effect was possibly more pleasing, due, doubtless, to a better presentation of it. The first act has a lyric charm, the second one is charged with melodious music, the third is picturesque and dramatic, and the fourth is weak, lacking in convincing force either musically or dramatically. But it is well worth hearing, particularly in the present brilliant Metropolitan presentation.

An interesting feature of the new opera season which affords some indication of the public interest shown is that on the opening night Mr. Earle Lewis, the treasurer of the opera house, sold as many as 400 admissions in fourteen minutes. a veritable *tour de force*!

Even before the grand opera season boomed out its initial call for attention to music lovers, the concert-givers had begun to be busy. New York's newest concert room, Æolian Hall, had to be opened; the Boston Symphony Orchestra had to reintroduce its permanent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck; the vanguard of recitalists had to rush, pell-mell, into the arena, outstripping their rivals in their race against time.

First of all, there was Dr. Karl Muck's return to the post of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He had held this position during two seasons, while the German Emperor granted him leave of absence from his duties as royal conductor of the Berlin Opera House. So deep an impression did Dr. Muck make that he was offered the Boston position as a permanency. But report has it that Dr. Muck would ask no release from his royal patron, the Kaiser, so he simply returned to Berlin, filled his duties there and at the end of four years had fulfilled his contract, leaving him free to come to Boston.

Germany moved heaven and earth to keep Dr. Muck in its own domain, going to such lengths as even introducing a bill in the Reichstag to hold him. But the conductor had pledged himself to Mr. Henry L. Higginson's cause—the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its sole patron. So he came.

After an absence of four years this famous conductor was welcomed by a huge audience when he appeared on the platform of Carnegie Hall. Unlike Arthur Nikisch, for instance, Dr. Muck is not an emotionalist. Neither his personality nor his conducting ever cause thrills to pursue each other in squads down the spine of the listener. So there was no real occasion for tumults of enthusi-

asm, hoarse cries of welcome, or any of those signs of furore. Instead, Dr. Muck was received and applauded in a dignified manner. He chose for his first number Beethoven's "Eroica,"

and he conducted it with no attempt to put hidden dramatic meanings into this music; he indulged in no exaggerations, no extravagances of climax. It was simply superb, honest Beethoven playing, and as such it will linger long in the memory of its hearers.

What was most surprising about the whole concert was the change that had been wrought in this orchestra. Dr. Muck had already weeded out quite a bit of so-called "dead wood." Some new woodwind players had been imported from France; a new 'cellist sat at the first desk, and there were new faces to be noticed in the various other choirs. The whole orchestra had taken on a superb balance, for, unlike his immediate predecessor, Fiedler, Dr. Muck does not allow the brass to dominate in the ensemble. The playing of the whole programme, but chiefly the Scherzo of the "Eroica," was a wonderfully beautiful exhibition of artistic skill. Single numbers by Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner followed, and the chief one



SIGNOR CARUSO AS DES GRIEUX IN "MANON LESCAUT"  
(From a pencil sketch made by the famous tenor himself)

of these for comment was the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which was brilliant both in conducting and performance.

The matinée mate to this Boston Symphony evening concert occurred the following Saturday, when Dr. Muck conducted Hermann Bischoff's E major symphony, which is of interminable length and is stuffed with the thoughts and effects of some other composers, but has an effective third movement. It taxed the virtuosity of the orchestra to the utmost, and these remarkable players came out of the ordeal with flying colors. Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" was exquisitely played, and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture was brilliancy itself. In a word, concert-goers are to be congratulated upon the return of this famous conductor, who is a thinking musician and an authority of the highest order.

Unusual interest attended the first concert of the season of the New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch, conductor, for they changed their old haunts and began this season to give concerts in the new Æolian Hall. It proved an unusually brilliant auditorium, acoustically one in which the slightest discrepancy of intonation became marked, and in which any "muddiness" was immediately noted. So, in the opening Beethoven "Leonore" No. 3 Overture, the orchestra sounded ragged and altogether discouraging in the quality of its tone. In the following Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, however, this body of men began to redeem itself, and they were heard at their best in the closing piece, Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, or called in its original, "Ma Mère l'Oie." This charming music was originally composed as a series of five piano duets, then arranged for orchestra and produced at the Paris Théâtre

(Continued on page xiv)



# MY VERY best thanks, honored Madam and dear Godmother, for the letter of the amiable Paolita (Paulina Garcia) which you sent me. This letter is both interesting and charming; but you, who never miss an opportunity to show those whom you love best some beautiful little attention, deserve the greatest praise. You are the only human being whom I have found to be so constituted.

## An Evening at Madame Rachel's

By ALFRED DE MUSSET

Rachel: That's right; they are as hard as stone. Formerly, when I still did the housekeeping, I cer-



Alfred de Musset

tainly cooked much better. I am poorer for this talent now. There is nothing to be done about it, and for that I have learned something else. Don't you eat, Sarah (the sister)?

Sarah: No, I do not eat with pewter knives and forks.

Rachel: Ah, just listen to that! Since I have bought from my savings a dozen silver knives and forks, you cannot touch pewter any more. I suppose when I become richer you will have to have a liveried lackey behind your chair and one before. (Pointing to her fork) I shall never part with these old knives and forks. They have done us service for too long. Isn't it so, Mamma?

The Mother (with her mouth full): She is a perfect child!

Rachel (turning to me): Think of it, when I was playing in the Théâtre Molière I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning . . . (Here the sister, Sarah, commences to speak German in order to prevent her sister from saying any more).

Rachel (continuing): Stop talking your German. That is no shame at all. Yes, I only had two pairs of stockings, and in order to be able to appear at night I had to wash one pair every morning. They hung in my room on a string while I wore the others.

I: And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel: I got up every morning at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made. Then I went to the Halles and bought the food.

I: And didn't you let a little profit go into your own pocket?

Rachel: No. I was a very honest cook, wasn't I, Mamma?

The Mother (continuing to eat): Yes, that's true.

Rachel: Only once I was a thief for a whole month. If I bought anything for four sous I charged five, and if I paid ten I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found that I was in possession of three francs.

I (severely): And what did you do with these three francs, Mademoiselle?

The Mother (who sees that Rachel is silent): Monsieur de Musset, she bought the works of Molière for that money.

I: Really?

Rachel: Why, yes, certainly. I had Corneille and Racine, and so I had to have Molière, and I bought him for three francs, and then I confessed all my sins. Why does Mademoiselle Rebut go? Good night, Mademoiselle!

The larger part of the dull people follows the example of Mademoiselle Rebut. The servant girl returns with the forgotten rings and bracelets. They are put on the table. The two bracelets are magnificent, worth at least four to five thousand francs. In addition to that there is a most costly golden tiara. All this is lying anywhere about the table betwixt and between the salad, the pewter spoons and the spinach.

The idea of keeping house, attending to the kitchen, making beds, and all the cares of a poverty-stricken household, makes me think, and I regard Rachel's hands, secretly fearing that they are ugly or ruined. They are graceful, dainty, white and full, the fingers tapering; in reality, hands of a princess.

Sarah, who is not eating, does not cease scolding in German. It must be remarked that on this certain day, in the forenoon, she has been up to some pranks which, according to her mother's opinion, had gone a bit too far, and it was only

A charitable act always finds its reward, and thanks to your Desdemona letter, I shall now regale you with a supper at Madame Rachel's, which will amuse you, providing we are still of the same opinion, and still share the same admiration for the divine artist. My little adventure is solely intended for you, because "the noble child" detests indiscretions, and then also because so much stupid talk and gossip circulates since I have been going to see her, so that I have decided not even to mention it when I have been to see her at the Théâtre Français.

The evening here referred to she played "Tancrède," and I went in the intermission to see her to pay her a compliment about her charming costume. In the fifth act she read her letter with an expression which was especially sincere and touching. She told me herself that she had cried at this moment, and was so moved that she was afraid she might not be able to continue to speak. At ten o'clock, after the close of the theatre, we met by accident in the Colonnades of the Palais Royal. She was walking arm in arm with Felix Bonnaire, accompanied by a crowd of young people, among whom were Mademoiselle Rebut, Mademoiselle Dubois of the Conservatory, and a few others. I bow to her. She says to me, "You come along."

Here we are at her house. Bonnaire excuses himself as best he can, annoyed and furious about the meeting. Rachel smiles about this deplorable departure. We enter; we sit down. Each of the young ladies at the side of her friend, and I next to the dear Fanfan. After some conversation Rachel notices that she has forgotten her rings and bracelets in the theatre. She sends her servant girl to fetch them. There's no girl there now to prepare supper! But Rachel rises, changes her dress and goes into the kitchen. After a quarter of an hour, she re-enters, in house dress and cap, beautiful as an angel, and holds in her hand a plate with three beefsteaks, which she has just fried. She puts the plate in the middle of the table and says, "I hope it will taste good to you." Then she goes into the kitchen again and returns with a soup-bowl of boiling bouillon in the one hand, and in the other a dish of spinach. That is the supper! No plates, no spoons, because the servant girl has taken the keys with her. Rachel opens the sideboard, finds a bowl of salad, takes the wooden fork, eventually discovers a plate and commences to eat alone.

"In the kitchen," says Mamma, who is hungry, "are the pewter knives and forks."

Rachel rises, fetches them, and distributes them among those present. Now, the following conversation takes place in which you will notice that you have not changed anything.

The mother: Dear Rachel, the beefsteaks are too well done.



Rachel at the time of her début at the Théâtre Français

(Continued on page x)





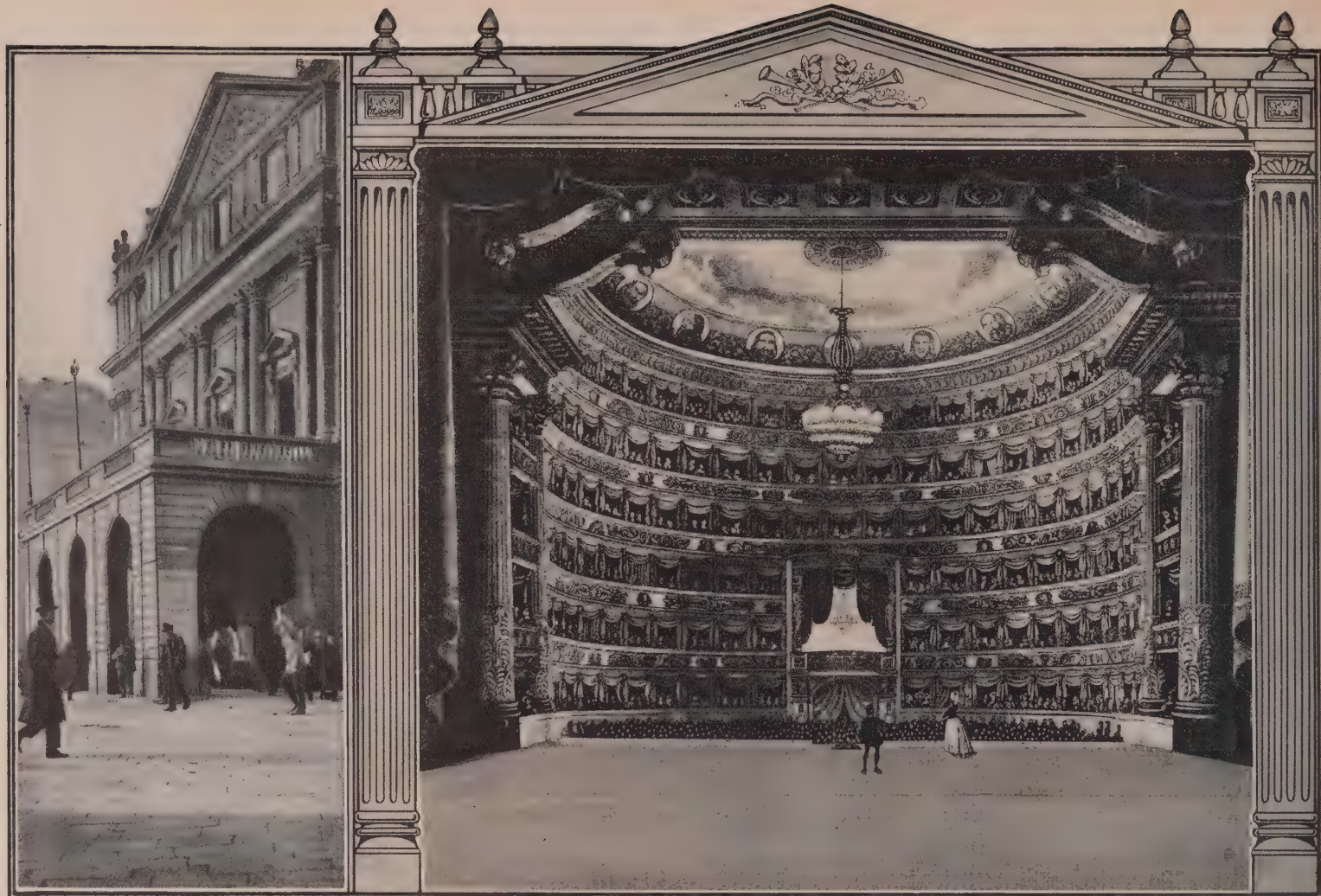
"And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war."

"Julius Cæsar," Scene 1, Act III.

"A magnificent Antony," says a critic, "splendid in bearing, graceful in pose and movement, mellifluously varied in elocution, and consistently vigorous. It may be doubted whether his delivery of the speech over the dead Cæsar's body has ever been excelled"

**WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS MARC ANTONY IN A SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR"**





Porte-Cochère of the opera house, which is used as a public thoroughfare in the daytime

The decorations are simpler than those of other famous opera houses, but the heavy polished gold which covers every bit of visible woodwork shines marvellously from the background of ox-blood plush. The royal box is in the centre

THE AUDITORIUM OF LA SCALA, THE GREAT MILANESE OPERA HOUSE

## Where Operatic Reputations Are Made and Lost

By JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

SINCE 1778, in the same piazza with the Palazzo Marino (that is, the City Hall), there has stood in Milan an awkward, yellowish building, the name of which has smacked of Olympus itself to the thousands of singers in every land under the sun. La Scala, for what it is within, has taken little thought of how it looks without. It has stood there defiantly against the movement of the great city about it. Its old neighbors have gone down in that mighty rush, and other buildings have come up in their places and been demolished and forgotten in their turn. The throb of life around its chalky walls has intensified until the deafening roar penetrates even, sometimes, into the very sanctuary which it shelters. The Milan of to-day and the Italy of to-day are not the city and the country of a century and a quarter thence; but La Scala remains without a single rival. La Scala remains the one opera house in all the world whose smile can light the life of any singer to the very end. If you have sung there and survived, the world awaits you. Should it frown upon you, you must go apart and let the world forget.

If you should try to discover the source of this sovereignty, you would probably find it obscured in that past from which royalty commonly derives its right to rule. There is not much doubt that the wonderful energy of the Milanese determined on the thing, just as centuries ago their forefathers determined that there should be a city at a certain spot in the plain of Lombardy, and put it there. No one can tell why Milan is. Even the Milanese know no more than that some one, a very long time ago—and it may have been Sant' Ambrogio, or it may have been Charlemagne, or the Britons,

or the Barbarians, or the Greeks, or the Picts and Scots, for aught that anyone knows to-day—that some one planted his staff, or, perhaps, and more likely, his sword, in a place in the middle of that plain and said: "Here let us make a city." So they made a city, and in 1778 they made La Scala, and both have waxed mighty and are so unto this day. It is a Milanese characteristic to be confident in oneself; and I am not so sure that the builders of La Scala did not finish their work and declare that there the profession of vocal music should have its fountain-head. Whether or not they did, it is from there the somewhat fitful stream has flowed since 1778. This yellowish old opera house is the source from which proceeds the last word in the hopes of any singer.

Groups of them used to stand about the ecclesiastical-looking *porte-cochère*, which is a public foot thoroughfare in the daytime, and gossip on the chances of the season. Since the great Galleria Vittorio Emanuele was built, its lofty arch has drawn them across the Piazza della Scala into the brilliant shelter of its arcades. There they come by hundreds, finding refuge from both summer sun and winter rain, and telling one another their brave tales of what is some day to be. Most of them are men, and none of them has risen above the ranks of the *choristi*, of which La Scala supports some seventy-five to a hundred in the season. Should you linger near enough to spy upon their chatter, you would learn very much of the inner history of this most disheartening of all trades. You would hear the lamentation upon the news that New York has captured Toscanini and Gatti-Casazza for its own. Here you can learn

Milano, 16 Settembre 1778.

**EUROPA RICONOSCIUTA**  
**DRAMMA PER MUSICA**  
 DA RAPPRESENTARSI  
**NEL NUOVO REGIO DUCAL TEATRO**  
**DI MILANO**  
 Nella solenne occasione del suo primo aprimento  
 nel mese d'Agosto dell'anno 1778.  
 DEDICATO  
 Alle LL. AA. RR.  
 IL SERENISSIMO ARCIDUCA  
**FERDINANDO**  
 Principe Reale d'Ungheria, e Boemia, Arciduca d'Austria,  
 Duca di Borgogna, e di Lorena &c., Cedero Reale  
 Luogo Tenente, Governatore, e Capitano  
 Generale nella Lombardia Austriaca,  
 E LA  
 SERENISSIMA ARCIDUCHESSA  
**MARIA RUCCIARDIA**  
**BEATRICE D'ESTE**  
 PRINCIPESSA DI MODENA.  
 IN MILANO.  
 Appresso Gio. Batista Bianchi Regio Stampatore  
 Calle Perruffina

First payroll of La Scala



the true story of how Caruso, the poor Neapolitan, rose to the limit of La Scala's fame and even to the princeliest rewards paid by the American market.

"Ma che!" says the round little man in the wrinkled covert coat, "I knew him when he sang songs in the streets. Many a time have I put a couple of *soldi* into his hat on the Riviera. *Davvero!*"

And the big man, who has not shaved his beard of late, and who goes, by preference, without an ulster in the winter season, gesticulates with two eloquent palms while he explains that in the first years Caruso had no voice, nor ever did until he went away into the country with the big man's own *maestro* and in the solitude of the *campagna* found the way.

"There was a crack in his head, I tell you," he whispers, glancing fearfully over his shoulder that none may overhear this heresy. "And all his high notes broke upon it. He tried them all, and they all broke—they broke like the sea at Rapallo, where he used to pass his hat for the *soldi*. And for two years he disappeared. Where! *Chi sa?* But *maestro* knew, for he was with him. *Davvero*, they were together. And in two years he was at La Scala, and now America has him. *E una cosa meravigliosa*, — Eh-h-h!"

Then, some day, Caruso himself will come to town; and it is the little man in the covert coat and the big one with no ulster you will see in the front rank of the admiring, adoring crowd that follows him through the street and waits patiently in the weather outside the hotel which has the honor of sheltering that voice.

"Caruso," exclaims his worshipper, "he came to La Scala one wonderful night and went away with Italy in his pocket."

There is in these days no king upon a throne or within measurable reach of one who rules with the despotic power of the Director of La Scala. Whatever he says acquires thereby the force and effect of truth. He is his own law and his own gospel. Of the many things which can be done and are done by the Impresario, who is the business manager of the house, there is not one that cannot be undone by the Director. There is no lack of reason in this, for from the Impresario down to the smallest and

scrawniest errand-boy who hangs about the lobbies and the dressing-rooms, on the faint hope of some day coming to be a sweeper-out, the entire staff will unhesitatingly, and with cheerful equanimity, take refuge behind the Director when a failure happens,



THE GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELE  
Here the singers meet and eagerly discuss the operatic news of the day

as failures do happen even in La Scala. Because the Director is no monarch to his audiences. The public sits behind him and can plainly see that the god of the world beyond the lights has feet of clay. But to the singer waiting for her time to come, he is the final, awful judge with whom her fate must rest.

There are a great many sizable rooms built around the lofty chamber of the opera house itself. They are sparsely furnished. Some of them are hung in the red plush which forms the background of the auditorium; but others are very much more like the dingy waiting-room of an employment agency, with a piano in one corner. Here the candidates come for the last step in what is, perhaps, the longest and dreariest road in any sort of human effort. Almost anyone can get a hearing. Almost everyone does. The Director is wise, with that same sagacity which marks the successful publisher or any of the other men whose business it is to put art into practical terms for the perusal of the world. He knows that some day Genius will come in, hiding her elusive self under some worn and musty garment. He knows that some day he is going to get a surprise. And so he lies in wait for it, patiently listening to the remarkable mediocrity of the general—faithfully

sifting out and sifting out and sifting out again the running sands which cover the inevitable grain of gold.

As the season, which runs from December to Easter, approaches, and sometimes months before, the actual candidates are brought in for inspection by the Impresario. Coldly he looks them over and calls for the proof that each has done what she claims. Even before its appearance he knows more than he tells

of each one there. He knows what his friends elsewhere have told him of her. Unless she be very great, she must have sung with success in the San Carlo opera house at Naples, and again at the Costanze in Rome. If she has had two or three or four seasons in the smaller Italian cities, so much the better; and if she has been wise enough or clever enough to get herself into the Lirico, which is the second opera house in Milan, or even into the Dal Verme, which is third, but with rather a good



The Scala, Milan, facing the Piazza della Scala and the Leonardo da Vinci Monument

reputation, she will find things very easy compared with her sisters who have simply come in upon the Impresario out of the unknown. If she pass the Impresario, a contract is made, but it is subject to the approval of the Director, who can protest her





White William Faversham as Marc Antony

irrevocably if he choose to do so.

Whether or not she be known to the world in which he rules, the candidate is likely to find the rigid affability of the Director embarrassing when she comes before him for her *prova*. Porters will wheel the piano into the right part of the dismal room, and will go away and leave her with him alone. He will ask about her best operas, and begin running them over with his own hands. He does not trust this to another. He knows what he wants to know,—what he wishes to reveal and discover if it is there. She sings as she never sang before, unless she happen to be so nervous that she sings worse than she has ever known herself to sing. Sometimes it is the one, and oftener the other. When the Director is satisfied, he rises, bows with another impenetrable smile, and she is out and away before the flutter in which she finished her final *aria* has gone. When the great moment has passed, many singers

find that they went to La Scala too soon; for an impression of unreadiness and incapacity, once it gets into the musty atmosphere of these trial rooms, is nearly ineradicable.

Probably few know that La Scala is in management a municipal opera house, though the actual ownership (and the support) is vested in the descendants of the wealthy Milanese who banded themselves together to build the structure. These old families were the original owners of the property. They possessed their boxes outright, and bequeathed them from one generation to another as parts of their estates. Many of the five hundred boxes remain in the hands of the great-grandsons of the original builders; but in these days of swiftly-advancing Italian prosperity many a new name is coming into the golden semicircle and taking its place, and thereby sealing its entrance into the brilliant twentieth-century aristocracy of the country. The box-owners have a special office in the lower part of the house where their holdings are rented by the night, or, when the family is in mourning or out of town for the entire season, even by the year. The only strictly "public" space is that on the floor, or "pit," and in the double row of galleries high up above the top line of boxes and under the very roof.

The brilliancy of the spectacles continues to be marvellous. The decorations of the house are simpler than those of any other of the more famous theatres of the world, but the heavy, polished gold which covers every visible bit of woodwork, shines marvelously from the background of ox-blood plush with which the walls and rails are hung, and it is upon this setting that the gay beauty of the audience stands out with sharp effect. One gets a hint of the wealth of the wonderful city in the heart of which La Scala

stands. Rich as the prospect is, it is a thing of surpassing vivacity and color when the court is in the Palazzo Reale in the neighboring square, and the royal box in the center of the first tier, above the entrance, has tenants under its old-fashioned candelabra.

Perhaps it is more than the royal visit, overwhelmingly of interest though that always is. Maybe there are other personages in the city for a night,—an Oriental ruler on his most recent *grand tour*, or the president of some neighboring republic. There is one ex-President of Switzerland who will not be forgotten by any of the Milanese who assembled in his honor at La Scala, one gala night in 1906, to celebrate his formal visit to the Italian court, which was just then established at the Palazzo Reale in Milan.

The royal party was expected, with its guest, at half-past nine o'clock. Long before that the house was crowded with eager people. Each of the innumerable boxes was filled with women, with the gaiety of whose gowns there mingled the glistening beauty of those army uniforms which are the envy of the warriors of the world. As one gorgeous party after another entered the boxes, and tier after tier came up to overflowing with the best blood of Southern Europe, the interest among the spectators in the floor seats grew into that shallow intensity of excitement which enlivens Italian life without becoming a burden on it. Here and there were pointed out the representatives of the noble families of the kingdom, many of whom have intermarried with the wealth of Milan. In a box next the stage, and but just perceptibly second in magnificence to the royal box itself, there sat the Princess Letitia of Savoy, the King's aunt and much beloved by everybody.

The performance, not an opera, but a concert by the 130 men making up the orchestra of the house, was well under way when, in the midst of a lovely *allegro* which had absorbed attention even in that moment of great affairs, the Director caught the signal of a man he had posted to inform him of the royal advent. His baton stopped in the air, its down stroke half completed, and with just an instant to take breath the orchestra crashed out of the *allegro* and into the irresistible *Marcia Reale*.

From its feet, which the audience took at what no one could describe except as "a bound," it saw the erect and military figure of the Count of Turin standing by the side of a patriarch in plain and somewhat awkward black. Cheers followed the playing of the royal march, and before anyone in the box could give a sign the orchestra began the national hymn of Switzerland, the music of which is that of "America." At its end the President stepped into the



Frank Keenan as Cassius



bay of the box, bowed profoundly several times, said a half dozen words which were, of course, inaudible in all that cheering, and retired to the side of His Majesty's soldierly cousin, where he looked about with evident astonishment on the splendid scene which had been spread there for his entertainment.

Even on the ordinary opera night, there is in the air of La Scala that which is breathed only in the shadows of great structures. It is far from being the most showy theatre in the world; but there remains to it a character which makes it still what it has been since that August night a hundred and thirty years ago, when it had its performance, dedicated to "The Illustrious and Most Serene Archduke Ferdinand, Austrian Captain-General of Lombardy," and to "The Most Serene Archduchess Maria Ricciardi, Princess of Modena," who, it is incidentally worth while remembering, was one of the last royal women to bear the personal name of "Beatrice d'Este." On its opening night the house figured only as the ducal theatre of Milan; but soon afterward it came to be called "Il Teatro alla Scala" after the church of Santa Maria della Scala, which had been destroyed by fire and which occupied the site for many years before.

There yet remains what might be termed only "a way of doing things," which holds La Scala to its old-time rank. "Thanks to the decadence of the art of singing, and to the American dollar," said an Italian journal not long ago, "La Scala must be considered to have reached the end." There may be other signs, which the journal did not mention and probably did not know, that a day of other standards is coming in this special form of art or trade, whichever we may call it; but if you and I were singers,

and had so little as one season in the yellowish old playhouse to our credit, we need never know again those various pangs which are supposed to dwell within the frame of genius. Whatever architecture may have done for more magnificent temples, La Scala gives its verdict as the years go on, and few indeed are the cases where appeal is possible.

It is not at all unlikely that its candid way of recording achievement is the reason for La Scala's continued domination; for whatever a singer does there,—and whatever a singer does not, are set down with a brevity which is both eloquent and cruel, according as the story requires telling. There is a place in Milan where you can go and find, in the most barbarous black and white, the report of every performance since the opening of the house, the names of the singers and the record of the public judgment on their doings. It is the Doomsday Book of the singing trade. It is a perfectly heartless and mechanical volume. There isn't even a speck of dust in it. If there ever was a drop of native life and moisture in the most infinitesimal fibre of the paper of its leaves, that mite was starved to death long years ago. Just paper and ink and one brief word of fate! Out of the pages of it there comes a waft like the chill air in the British Museum. To those who know the effort and the heartache that go to make up the life of the music student ambitious for La Scala, it

is a distinctly painful thing to run down the record and read after one and another name the *Cattivo* (poor), or even the *Mediocre*, which mark the unhappy endings of high hopes.

But there are other judgments to lighten the perusal, and it is interesting to note that La Scala, which has tested and adjudged all the great voices since the American Revolution, has never failed in its decrees nor seen the appearance of a rival strong enough to accomplish a revision. The voices it has approved have always been accepted by the world without question.

In the year 1877, almost exactly a century following that first performance before the most serene highnesses of the ducal court, there is this entry in the Book of Fate:

"1877, November 3, 'La Traviata'; Adelina Patti; *Ottimo*, (Very Good)."

It was her first appearance, and there is no other record of it. But it was not until her return in 1893, again in "La Traviata," on the 20th of January, that Patti received that highest of all possible praise in the meagre vocabulary of the book: *Buonissimo*. During that first season, in 1877, she sang in "La Traviata," "Faust," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "Il Trovatore," all with an *Ottimo* mark which was in itself a promise of something of the fame which came to her in other years; and which is a remarkably pointed illustration of the careful reserve that underlies the Scala judgments.

Tamagno, thought ever a great idol in Italy, scored no better than a *Mediocre* when he made his first appearance on the night after Christmas in 1877; but when he returned two years after, in "Don Carlo," he did that which was entered in the book as so few men singers have been entered, and closed the night with a *Buonissimo* to his credit. Tamagno returned again in 1881, with the De Reszkés, and once more, and with them, reached the highest mark of approval in "Ernani," "Il Figliuolo Prodigo," and "Simon Boccanegra."

Calvé's first entry is dated January 8, 1887, in "Flora Mirabilis," when the judgment was *Mediocre*, but was chargeable to the other members of the company. When she came back in 1890 in "Hamlet," she ranked as high as Calvé should. Melba's appearance in 1893, on the night of March 15, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," was an instant and complete success. And she was well received in May of the following year when she sang in "Rigoletto and Sigurd." Emma Nevada had already sung there in 1891, to a *Buono* in "La Sonnambula." These are other records of interest in these even more intense days of rivalry:

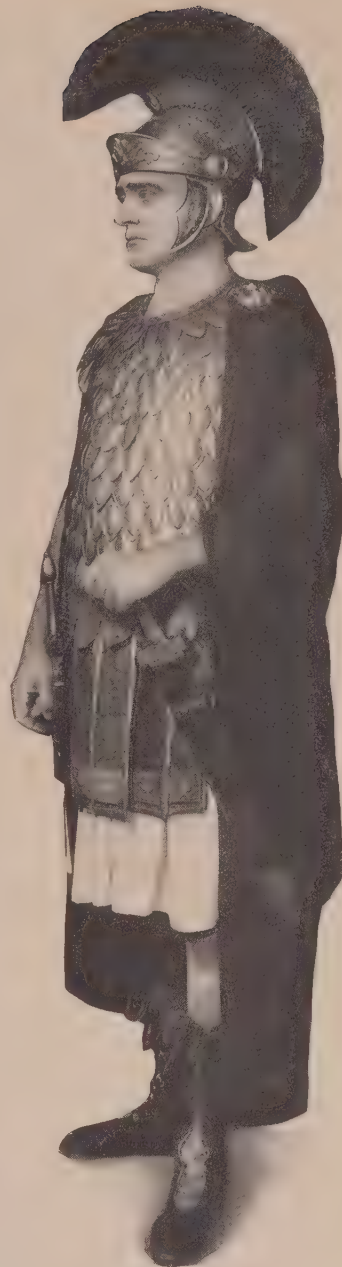
Campanini, 1871, Jan. 28, "Faust" (*Buono*); May 7, "Don Giovanni" (*Buono*).

Sammarco, 1895, December 26, "Henri VIII" (*Mediocre*); 1896, February 23, "Carmen" (*Cattivo*); 1896, March 7, "Hamlet" (*Buono*); 1896, March 23, "Andrea Chenier" (*Buonissimo*). (Sammarco's rise was a wonderful

(Continued on page xi)



Kenneth Hunter as Octavius



Tyrone Power as Brutus



IF YOU would see the London of two centuries ago, a merrier London than it is to-day,

you could not do better than take Mr. Pepys for your guide. The old diarist went everywhere, and made notes on everything he saw. Every player of his day was seen and criticized. We watch him swaggering down to the Duke's playhouse, or the King's house, in his suit of purple shagg trimmed with gold and flowered tabby vest, or off to walk in the park, carrying his wife's last year's muff. Never was there a gayer, more nimble and eager a London than that through which he leads us. Life was simply a pageant and Mr. Pepys was there to see the show. Theatre-going was a passion with him, and he has bequeathed to posterity a vivid picture of the stage in the 17th century. The people were great playgoers, and the theatres were packed, many hundreds turned away when a successful thing was on. They stood in line then as now. He writes:

"To the Duke of York's playhouse at a little past twelve to get a good place in the pit for the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out and spent an hour at Martin's, my booksellers, and so back again, when I found the house quite full, but I had my place."

The 3rd of January, 1661, he saw "Beggars' Bush," and here was the first time that he ever saw a woman come upon the stage.\* His first mention of Nell Gwynn is on April 3rd, 1665, when he calls her "pretty, witty Nell." He and his wife kiss her and make much of her as time goes on. He could not say enough in praise of her acting in sprightly parts, can scarcely find words to express his admiration of her in Dryden's "Secret Love or The Mayden Queene."

"After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queene,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before, as Nell do this, both as a mad girl—then, most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and both the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

He sees "The Mayden Queene" again and again.

"So done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done by nature. . . . To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Mayden Queene,' which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and

\*The first English professional actress was Mrs. Coleman.

## A Famous Old Playgoer

By GRACE BIGELOW PATTEN

young Marshall and Nelly. The women do very well, but above all, little Nelly."

When she attempted anything serious, however, he found much fault. On one occasion he writes:

"Nell's ill speaking of a great part made me mad. . . . Saw 'The Indian Emperor,' where I find Nell come again, which, I am glad of, but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperor's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most *basely*."

He sees pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door, in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice,—*"she seemed a mighty pretty creature."* Again, seeing Nell and Mrs. Knipp after the play, he is disgusted enough.

"But Lord, to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them."

If a woman was pretty, and *not painted*, he would walk miles to look at her.

Betterton\* stood supreme in Pepys' eyes, and he speaks of him over and over again.

"To the Duke of York's playhouse and saw 'Hamlet,' which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. . . . Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination. . . . He is called by us both the best actor in the world."

On seeing a poor play, he writes that he is glad Betterton had no part in it.

Barring "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "The Tempest," the unimaginative Pepys had no great opinion of Shakespeare as a writer of plays:

"To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. 'Twelfth Night' is a silly play. . . . 'The Tempest' is the most innocent play that ever I saw. The play had no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays. . . . Very pleasant and full of so good a variety, that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the Seaman's part a little too tedious. Saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' which did not please me at all in no part of it. . . . 'Romeo and Juliet' is a play of itself—the worst I ever saw in my life."

He considered Ben Jonson's "Alchymist" incomparable, and his play "The Silent Woman" "the best comedy that was ever wrote." Later on he jots down:

"I never was more taken with a play than I am with this 'Silent Woman' as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Mayd's Tragedy" and

\*Thomas Betterton, the son of an under-cook to Charles I, first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, in 1659. He was one of the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare that ever lived, though he played in mangled versions.



SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQUIRE



"The Chances" please him mightily, and Webster's "Duchesse of Malfi" was pretty good.

"August 16th, 1667, My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the play acted yesterday, 'The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Morall,' a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce, from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me."



Thomas Betterton

Everything pleases him mightily, or gives him "great content," if it doesn't make

him "mad," or "vexed to the blood." He is delighted with some poor people for calling their fat baby "Punch," and with the Duke of York for playing with his little girl "like an ordinary private father of a child." Is equally pleased with a "fine, noble dinner," a cup of milk at a farmhouse, or a bunch of grapes from a friend's garden. If things went awry at the house or office, no brooding; but off to the theatre or to see a "bearded woman," "rope-walking monkeys," a "horse tell numbers," or a puppet show. Never an idle moment for him. If dinner was late, he played with his dogs, cat, tame sparrow, parrot or monkey, did a little tinkering with his carpenter's tools, tied up a vine in the garden, or piped a few notes on his flageolet. He rose by candle-light and spent his time fiddling until time to go to the office, or worked on important papers, so that he might have his afternoon free for the theatre. He

went to the playhouses day after day, night after night. Taunted by his family for too much "pleasuring," he bolsters up his conscience with this apology:

"The truth is I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate."

Evidently their criticism bothered him, for he writes:

"All alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box to hide myself. and saw 'The Black Prince,' a very good play."

A few days after the Plague had passed he keeps his cloak well up about his face. "In mighty fear lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play." He binds himself from

the middle of November not to see a play until Christmas, but once in every other week, "and have laid aside £10 which is to be lost to the poor if I do."

"To the office, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me 1000 times to go abroad about some pleasure or other. However, I did not budge; and, to my great content, did a great deal of business. Again, but Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's playhouse, and my Lady Castlemaine's coach, and many great coaches there to see 'The Siege of Rhodes.' I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself."



Nell Gwynn

Nevertheless, he made many vows, only to break them, and it did not take him long to fill his little pewter forfeit box. Nothing failed to interest Pepys; he got right at the core of life. No one can in his dullest, bluest moments take up the Diary without the certainty of laughter. This prosperous self-satisfied secretary of the Admiralty, loved and looked up to by the



THE DUKE'S THEATRE IN DORSET GARDENS

best men in England, this "regenerator of the British Navy," self-appointed critic of men and things, swung through life like a great, hearty boy.



THE name of John Masefield crops up on the main road and in by-ways. He has written ballads and narrative poems smacking of salvation

fervor; he is the author of books for boys and novels for grown people; he has prepared a life of Shakespeare and edited an anthology of sailor's verse. But above all does he deserve special notice because of three incomparable plays which reveal him to be a workman of distinctive significance in modern English drama.

Thirty-eight years ago John Masefield was born in Shropshire; he grew up disliking school, and at fourteen had shipped in a merchant vessel. At twenty-eight he found himself stranded in New York, so he sought out odd jobs in stables, cheap restaurants and bucket shops, even farming in a red shirt. On Sixth Avenue he served as an assistant to the bartender of the Colonial Hotel. Those who would learn of his adventures there had best turn to Masefield's book of short stories, "A Tar-paulin Muster," wherein the twenty-second narrative begins: "When I was working in a New York saloon I saw something of the city police. I was there shortly after the Lexow Commission, at a time when the city was groaning beneath the yoke of an unaccustomed purity."

Ask John Masefield who his closest friend may be and he will say, "Jack B. Yeats, with whom I used to sail toy boats in Devonshire." Question him as to his greatest personal influence, and he will avow it to be W. B. Yeats, of mystic fame. Yet Masefield is full-blooded, with salt air in his blood and a lusty voice; he has moral vigor, and the mystic meaning is secondary with him. Yet, in a sense, he is mystic, as a poet must ever be. Somewhere he sings:

"Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,  
The slave with the sack on his shoulders, pricked on with the goad,  
The man with too heavy a burden, too weary a load."

And somewhere else he expresses virility in the stanzas:

"Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,  
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong."

There is no delicacy here, such as one may find in Yeats; there is almost an attempt to be consciously brutal and coarse, as in "The Everlasting Mercy"—that recent narrative poem detailing the conversion of an uproarious drunkard. It is Masefield's abundant sincerity in finding the best and most human in discarded, worthless humanity which turns his offensiveness into rugged beauty, which makes him tenderest when his stroke is roughest.

John Masefield wrote ballads when he was a boy. "I will not apologize for having been young," he says, with his accustomed directness; and need anyone apologize for such a line as "A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell"? That slim volume holds sentiment and delicacy and faith and pride, and withal it has Whitmanesque democratic dash. Maybe there is something of the buccaneer in his spirit; if so, he has some of the simplicity of the buccaneer, some of the elementary enthusiasm of the child. It is in the mission which he gives to poetry, rather than his poetry itself, which reveals him akin to Yeats. He writes in his "Shakespeare": "Poetry moves in many ways. It may glorify and make spiritual some action of man, or it may give to thoughts such life as thoughts may have, an intenser and stranger life than man knows, with forms that are not human and speech unintelligible to normal human moods."

Masefield may not have sufficient scholastic training to write an adequate book on "Shakespeare," even though its text-book

## The Sailor Dramatist

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

at the full value of English sea-faring poetry in an introduction which indicates his entire grasp of the field. And when one comes to read Masefield's essay on Defoe, it is not so much Defoe one comes to understand as those qualities which Masefield himself recognized in the man; there is a personal estimate of Defoe, rather than a critical estimate; and that is the viewpoint of the dramatist in Masefield. Does not one recognize in this essay that, interesting though a man's personality may be in respect to its manliness, nobility of character is what most con-

cerns Masefield? "Defoe," he writes, "was without imagination of the finer kind, for the imagination is occupied with beauty and power," and he reaches this strange conclusion, which in itself is a human one: "Who reads such a one? Defoe is read by school boys and kitchen maids, by sailors, by seekers after dirt, and by a few historical students. His popularity is a proof of the commonness of his vision." There is the finer element mixed with the salt and blood in the nature of John Masefield!

In his novels he is almost formless. Take, for example, "Multitude and Solitude": the study of the tsetse fly occupies therein nearly half the volume, yet the care with which disease is analyzed illustrates Masefield's absorption in any subject which interests him. But the most revealing portion of this book deals with Masefield's conception of the literary life—a broad, earnest, noble conception couched in the following terms:

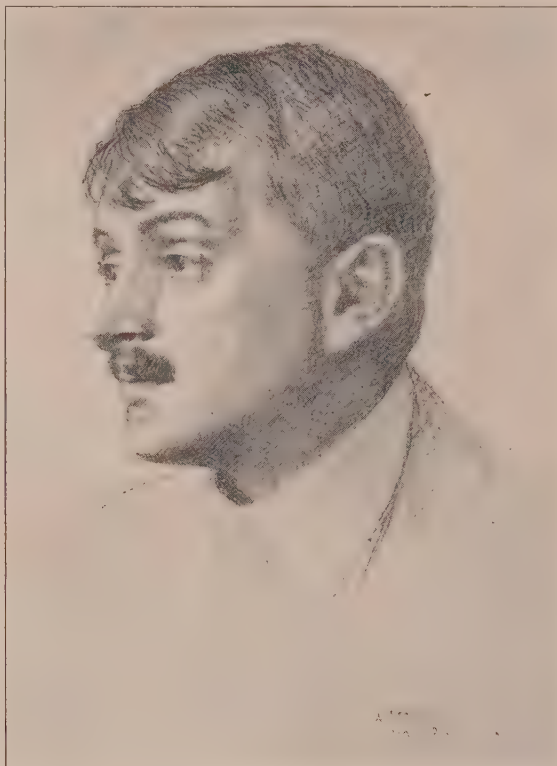
"I have no quarrel with art. . . . It is moral occupation. But I feel this about

modern artists, that, with a few exceptions, they throw down no roots, either into national or private life. They care no more for the State, in its religious sense, than they care (as, say, an Elizabethan would have cared) for conduct. They seem to me to be a company of men without any common principle or joint enthusiasm, working, rather blindly and narrowly, at the bidding of personal idiosyncrasy, or of some aberration of taste. A few of you, some of the most determined, are interested in social reform. The rest of you are merely photographing what goes on for the amusement of those who cannot photograph."

A man holding such opinion could not help but be sincere in his art, and it is this naïve sincerity, together with plain Anglo-Saxon speech, that keeps "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street" from being mawkish sentimentality and improbable melodrama. This manly attitude distinguishes the work of John Masefield, and all the more accentuates the lyrical touch, the inevitable, exquisite essence of tragedy which, for instance, illuminates the sordid tendencies in "The Tragedy of Nan" or "The Campden Wonder." It is in these two plays that the dramatist in Masefield exhibits the influence of the Irish school. And in their character they are strictly of the type sought for by a repertory theatre. "Nan" has been produced by the Gaiety and the Scottish Repertory theatres, and "The Campden Wonder" was given eight performances when Granville Barker was experimenting at the Court Theatre. Perfect as these plays are in their human intensity and truthfulness, they have in them only the elements of artistic success. And one of them, "Mrs. Harrison," has never been produced.

What Masefield thinks of the theatre is vigorously expressed in his introduction to "Shakespeare," where he pleads for a theatre for the right production of the comedies and tragedies. He deplores the ground landlords, and writes: "Art is the thought of men with vision. When art is

(Continued on page vi)



Courtesy, Literary Digest

JOHN MASEFIELD





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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY GARDEN AS THAIS



# TO the average mind the name Napoleon is synonymous with war. Few connect it with the concomitants of peace—with the arts, for instance and the things of culture and the higher cultivation of the mind, of recreation and of leisure. Historians find it so difficult to tell within the confines of a normally sized work of what he did to change the geography of Europe during his short meteoric career that they seldom have the opportunity to devote much space to accounts of his influence in other phases of the life of his times.

## Napoleon and the Drama

By EVA E. VOM BAUR

It is quite surprising, then, to find that his influence upon the drama is sufficiently far-reaching to fill a five hundred page book in the telling of it. But Henry Lecomte, a modern French dramatic critic, has used all that space to give little more than a mere outline of the events 'in Napoleon's life which had a bearing upon things theatric and the documentary evidence to prove the conqueror's interest in them.

One might suppose, of course, that to a man with so keen a sense of the dramatic in everything he did himself, the stage would be exceedingly attractive, but according to this writer, Napoleon's interest was more political than personal. The author does not, however, agree with Mme. de Rémusat, Bonaparte's contemporary and one of his most intimate biographers, who claims that he failed absolutely to get the illusion of the theatre, and gave it his attention only because he thought it a part of his rôle as Emperor to do so. But Lecomte does suggest, wittingly or no, by his citations of innumerable facts, edicts and anecdotes, that the Emperor was less interested in the theatre as a spectacle than as a means to heighten the dramatic effect of his own little play to the gallery. One gets the idea, through this book, that Napoleon did not regard the theatre, primarily, as a plaything to satisfy his imagination, but rather as a serious matter worthy of the Government's best attention and thought; to him it was not so much a source of amusement and diversion from the cares of state as an educational influence to be made potent in the affairs of state. In short, he saw in the theatre an excellent means of keeping public sentiment pitched to a high key of patriotism, and of keeping his own views of the glorification of France through conquests ever before the people. "The best way to praise me," he said at one time, in answer to a query from a stage-manager, "is to play such things as shall inspire the nation, especially the young people and the army, to heroic sentiment."

To bring himself, any reference to himself or to his

contemporaries upon the stage he regarded as the height of indelicacy and bad taste. That was not his way of gaining public approval for the course of his actions, for this method would tend rather to inspire freedom of thought and to encourage criticism. His method of glorifying the state was by glorifying its kings, by recalling great crises in the political histories of other times, and by exalting the heroes who triumphed in them. He discouraged the presentation of anything which "dealt with times too near the present," and declared that

"What the stage requires is antiquity. If anyone wishes to write a drama about more modern times, let him remember this: that politics play in modern drama the part that fatality plays in the drama of the ancients. It is politics which leads to real catastrophes, not deliberate crimes."

The play which gave Napoleon perhaps the greatest satisfaction was one by Luce de Lanceval, based entirely upon the story of Hector as it is told in the Iliad. He liked it because it was full of the glow and ardor of patriotism, and declared that if his soldiers could see that play before entering upon a battle they would go out to meet the enemy with redoubled spirit. In many plays dealing with the exploits of former national heroes he saw situations and lines applicable to himself; that others saw

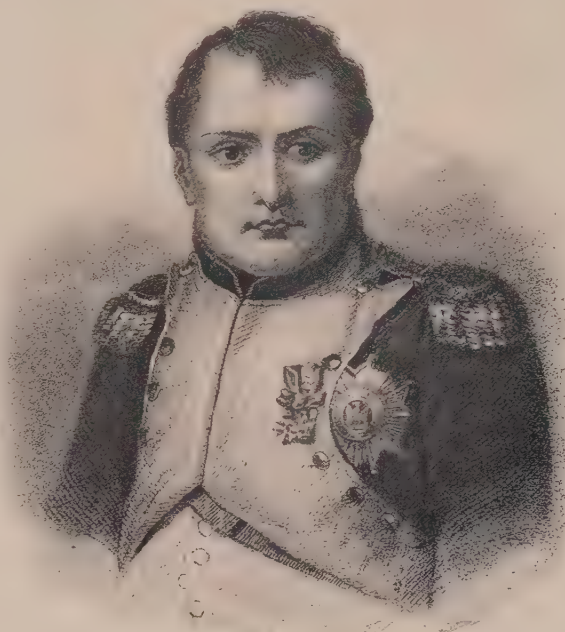
them, too, Lecomte shows by citing many instances where the audience applauded particularly apt lines and indicated by nods in the direction of the imperial box that they, too, had appreciated the analogy.

To him the first purpose of the drama, therefore, was to stimulate hero-worship; for to his mind it should deal with politics rather than passions. "Love is the portion of the idle classes," was his comment.

"The interests of the state, passions directed towards political ends, the development of the career of a statesman, revolutions which change the face of empires—these are matters for tragedies. The other interests which we find mingled here and there, the love interest above all, constitute but the comedy in tragedy. . . . Tragedy is the school of great men; it ought to be that of kings and peoples, too. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and to promulgate it. Tragedy inflames the spirit, ennoble the heart and creates heroes."

In Napoleon's opinion, Corneille chose and handled his dramatic material better than any other writer known to him. He wrote at one time:

"France owes to Corneille a part of her brave deeds. If he were living now I would make him a prince. . . . I love tragedy when it is as lofty and sublime as Corneille made it. In it great men are truer than in history; we see them only in the crises that develop them, in the moments of supreme decision, and we are not overburdened with all the paraphernalia of details and



NAPOLÉON



conjectures which the historians give, and which are often false. This is so much gained for glory; for in the man there are so many pettinesses, so many fluctuations, so many doubts; in the hero these disappear. He is the monumental statue in which the infirmities and the tremblings are no more; he is the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, that correct and sublime group in which, by my faith, one scarcely suspects the presence of the base lead and the pewter plates which the artist, in his frenzy, threw into the seething melting-pot to produce his demigod of bronze. I am grateful to tragedy for enlarging thus certain men, or, rather, for restoring to them their real nature—that of superior men in mortal bodies.”

As for comedy, “I accept,” said Napoleon, “the general admiration for Molière, but I do not share in it. He has placed his characters in situations where I never have any desire to see them act.” Mme. de Rémusat, whom Lecomte regards as a disparager by habit, interprets this view of the “comédies des mœurs” in her own sharp way: “How could one dare to exhibit upon the boards the weaknesses and foibles of various classes of society when all society had been renewed by Bonaparte, whose work had to be respected at all costs?”

For dramas which can be classed neither as tragedies nor comedies Napoleon had no use whatsoever. He dismissed them with the comment that they are “tragedies for chambermaids, and not worth living for more than a night.” The “little theatres”—variétés and vaudevilles—he deemed so far beneath the notice of an Emperor that when he heard that the Empress Josephine had been seen at the Variétés-Montansier during one of his absences, he wrote to her from Osterode a sharp letter of remonstrance, dated March 17, 1807:



MLLE. MARS  
One of the glories of the Théâtre Français under the First Empire

it detracted from its patronage, and besides, “*c’est un scandale pour les mœurs*” (a moral scandal). Camba-



FRANÇOIS JOSEPH TALMA AS NERO  
An actor whom Napoleon honored above all others

“It is not proper for you to sit in a side-box at the vaudeville: it does not become one of your rank. You must attend only the four big theatres, and always sit in the imperial box. Sometimes it is inconvenient to be great; an empress cannot afford not to be particular.”

Later in the year he ordered this theatre closed. Being too near the opera, he declared in a council of State, besides, “*c’est un*

cérès, the Minister of the Interior, deeming this criticism too severe, interposed in behalf of the amusement hall, whereupon the Emperor retorted quickly with: “I

am not astonished that the archchancellor wants to maintain the Montansier, for that is the wish of all the old beaux of Paris.”

Within less than a year a great many other theatres met the same fate as the Montansier, for the Emperor issued an edict that the number of theatres in Paris be limited to eight, gave the names of the favored few and specified for each the kind and number of the performances it might give. The unfortunate managers of the condemned houses were granted two weeks to wind up their affairs, and were offered no compensations for their losses. They might, however, if they chose, establish themselves as annexes or duplicates of the authorized theatres, according to their specialties.

“The Government was rigidly suppressing any rivalry to the legitimate drama, and the results proved that the theatrical productions of a lower order were essential neither to the needs of the people nor to the artistic success of the city,” writes Lecomte. “The rapid suppression of the banished ‘*spectacles de curiosité*’ and the disappearance of the lower order of shows proved that their existence really interested but a minority of the people, after all.” What an argument for the zealous uplifters of the drama to-day!

These edicts, carefully and explicitly worded, defined the rights and functions of the managers with such precision that they left them practically no freedom. The opera may give only such musical dramas as shall deal with gods, kings and heroes; the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin is to be devoted to melodrama, la Gaité may produce pantomimes, provided they do not include ballets, and no theatre may produce anything which rightfully belongs to the province of another. In other edicts the discipline governing everyone from call-boy to the conductor of the orchestra was determined, the finances of the various theatres were given



MLLE. GEORGE  
An actress of statuesque beauty and the Emperor's favorite



the most careful consideration, scenery, costumes, vacation money, the prices of seats and the limitation of free tickets—all these things and a great many more, including the reading of manuscripts and the fire laws for the protection of the buildings, were considered and regulated by manifestos issued by the Minister of the Interior at the instigation of the Emperor. Until 1807, when Napoleon created the position of the Superintendent of Public Performances, the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of Police shared the responsibility of enforcing them.

The Government did not make the common mistake of taking Paris to mean France, but legislated with the same forethought for the provinces as for the metropolis. Being a patriarchal government, it also felt responsible to the people for their recreation, and so for the benefit of the non-Parisians the "Théâtres des Départements" were organized. The big cities, Lyon, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nantes and Turin, each had two theatres, and the smaller cities, such as Rouen, Brussels, Alexandria, Metz and Strasbourg, had but one. Those cities and towns which could not afford to maintain a permanent theatre were grouped into twenty-five districts or circuits for traveling companies of players to visit in rotation. The prefect in each district was responsible to the Minister of the Interior in Paris for the welfare of the players and the rigid enforcement of the laws governing them and their performances. As the repertoires of these companies were the same as those of the various theatres in Paris, the morals and the literary tastes of provincial folk were as safeguarded as those of the Parisians.

No edict is more carefully worked out, none more complete, than that defining the organization of the Théâtre Français. This is known to be in great part the work of Napoleon himself, for many are the reports and stories of how he compiled it during those incomparably stormy and troubled days during the siege of Moscow. Why he chose this time and place for the organization of a theatre is a matter of speculation as futile as any diagnosis of the motives of this arch-diplomat. But no matter whether this act was to serve as a blind for the enemy or as a source of diversion from his multitudinous cares, it certainly helped to emphasize his versatility and to illustrate his extraordinary powers of concentration.

"When they see this decree in Paris," he said, "they will say that, wishing to relieve my mind of the anguish harassing it, I sought distraction at any cost—and found the most frivolous possible." He was as distraught and troubled in spirit as any of the officers about him, but he chose to dissemble by chatting about the political importance of art, of dramatic art in particular, of the Théâtre Français, Corneille, actors and a little of everything else pertaining to the theatre, while they sat, grim and silent, uncomprehending and shocked. Doubt and worry weighed upon their spirits and "they had neither the force of

will nor the desire to indulge in the relaxation of mind which the tormented genius was granting himself."

With that mind capable of planning the minutest details without losing sight of the breadth and depth of the scheme as a whole, he issued a decree covering, in 137 articles, everything from the scope of the repertoire to the pensions for the actors

and a school of dramatic art—decrees showing such sanity of judgment, such intimate knowledge of the necessities and requirements of the stage, that they have proven applicable and adequate even to the present day. "Since they were formulated, but a few minor changes of detail have been made, for every time a new administration, without right or justice, violated any essential provision of these laws, it was compelled to revert to the wise and clear text of the decrees issued by this genius-legislator."

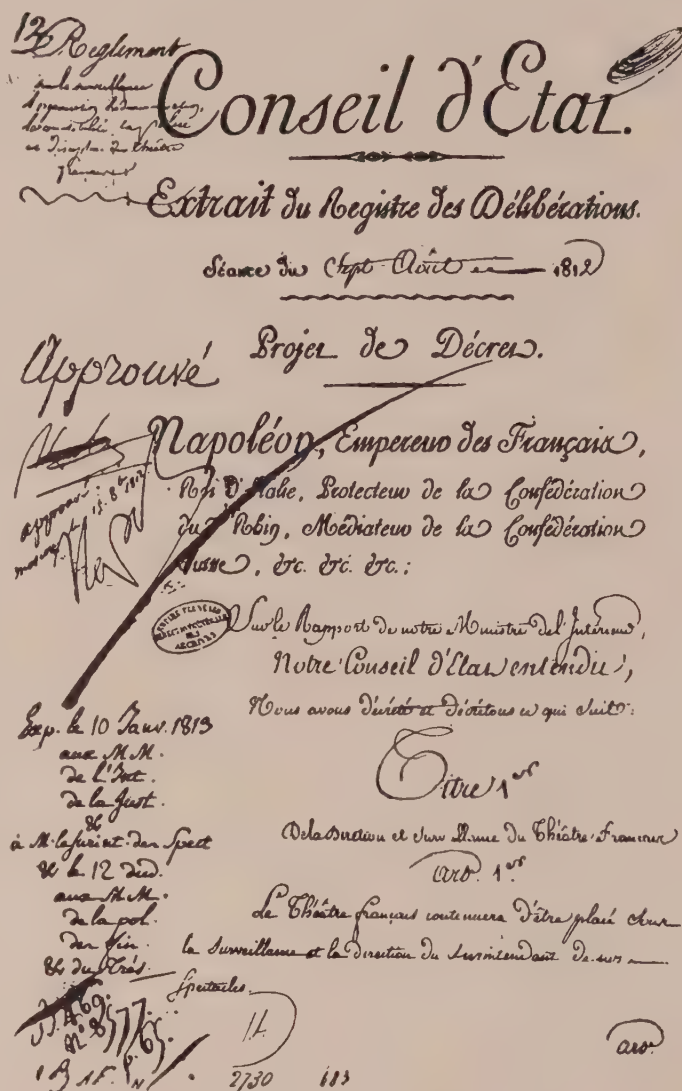
A government which did so much to maintain theatres and encourage dramatics felt that it was justified in controlling the productions and utilizing them for its own benefit. And as the Emperor thought that liberty of speech or thought or press was no requisite of the common people, and that literary and dramatic tastes, to be of the highest, must be directed by authority in Paris, we find that the strictest censorship of the drama existed during the days of the First Empire.

But even in the days of his Consulate, Napoleon began to watch the theatres, to suppress whatever influence he found them exerting upon public opinion which he regarded as detrimental to the State. In 1800

he issued a decree to the effect that no piece might be produced without the consent of the Prefect of Police; this was never revoked, but frequently re-enforced and strengthened so long as he was in power. Mention of the Bourbons, of Henry IV., of recent political events, criticism of the police or the army was prohibited—in fact, "anything which would be contrary to good morals and to the principle of the Social Compact." In 1811 the Commissioner of Police in Hamburg, Germany, was notified "to suppress certain works of Werner, Kotzebue, Goethe and Schiller which seem to have the effect of stirring up trouble in the social order of things, of killing the respect which is due to authority. Most of these pieces contain insolent declarations against the Government and the French people. I mention particularly 'Attila,' 'Maria Stuart,' 'William Tell' and 'Faust.'"

Never quite trustful of the vigilance of his prefects of police, Napoleon kept a careful surveillance of theatrical performances himself. Once or twice he caught them napping. When, in 1810, he found that "La Mort d'Abel" had been put into rehearsal without his knowledge or consent he wrote in considerable anger to M. de Rémusat, Prefect of the Palais:

"Henceforth no opera may be given without my consent. In general, I do not approve of works based on subjects taken from the Scriptures. They should be left to the Church. . . . The ballet 'Vertumne and Pomone,' which you also allowed to go on without my permission, is a dull



First page of the famous Decree of Moscow, issued during Napoleon's Russian campaign, and which laid down the articles that govern the Théâtre Français, even to the present day



SCENES IN "THE GYPSY," AT THE PARK THEATRE



Photos White

ACT I. ERNEST LAMBART AND THE GYPSY GIRLS



BLANCHE WEST AND WILLIAM SELLERY IN ACT I



VIOLET SEATON AND FRANCIS LIEB IN ACT II



allegory in bad taste. The ballet, 'The Rape of the Sabines,' is historical—that is better. Ballets should be mythological or historical in theme—never allegorical. One should try to lead public taste, not follow it."

Whenever he left Paris, Napoleon was always very particular to delegate his supervisory and censory powers to some one person, holding him strictly responsible for any harm that might come to the *esprit public* through the fault of a lax censorship.

A drama rendered harmless to the people and helpful to himself he regarded as an excellent educational influence, and planned, therefore, to have the Government arrange for as many public performances and fêtes as the exchequer permitted and the national holidays exacted. Until the establishment of an empire made their celebration a little *mal à propos* the anniversaries of the storming of the Bastille (July 14) and the Proclamation of the Republic (September 21) were the red-letter days in the calendar. After 1804 they were changed for the more appropriate St. Napoleon's Day (August 15) and the anniversary of the crowning of the Emperor (the first Sunday in December). Twenty-eight times during Napoleon's reign the people of Paris and those who could attend the performances of the travelling companies in the districts were treated to public performances by the best actors of the day, of some of the best works in their repertoires.

The actors and the theatre existing practically under his personal patronage, Napoleon felt that he could demand their services for a private performance where and when he pleased. To amuse his court he often ordered a troupe of players or opera singers to perform at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, Malmaison or the Tuileries, or even in the intervals between campaigns, to Mayence, Strassbourg or Milan. Even in times of war he exacted the same attention and the same services. During the campaigns in Prussia and in Austria and during his voyages in Italy and in Egypt a troupe of players and singers accompanied the army. He made this provision as much to amuse his officers and keep his men out of mischief during their tedious, long hours while in camp as to make the people at home believe that there was so little to do in the way of warfare that they needed all the amusement and the gaiety the theatre could afford to help them pass away the time. In 1813, when he sent for a troupe of players to join him at Dresden, Napoleon wrote to M. de Rémusat:

"I want this order to cause a sensation in Paris so that the news of it will get to London and to Spain. I want them to think there that we are amusing ourselves here."

And this at a time when he was planning to invade Russia and defy all the powers at once!

Napoleon having achieved an ambition by surpassing the prowess of Louis XIV in war, sought to equal him as patron of the arts. His natural appreciation for literature, Lecomte regards

as a passion, quoting extracts from numerous documents of the councils of state to prove his contention. The Emperor on one occasion said to his minister:

"Seek always to find talent. I do not want a single man of merit to pass through my reign without recognition and without our gratitude. Literature is in need of encouragement. You are its minister; tell us by what means we can encourage the various branches of literature which have at different times made our nation illustrious. I would give anything in the world to have a good tragedy to reward. The army is trying to bring honor to the nation; the men of letters are not."

Talma, an actor whom Napoleon honored above all others ("I never meet him but I take off my hat," the Emperor had said), came to the Emperor every time he had a new part to study. As no one had a closer, more intimate or wider knowledge of men than Napoleon, the actor derived great help from his criticisms and suggestions. One day he was playing "Cæsar" in "The Death of Pompey," and Napoleon made this comment:

"You are using your arms too much. Heads of empires are less generous with their motions; they know that a gesture is an order, that a look means death: that is the way they use a gesture and a look. . . . Don't make Cæsar talk like Brutus; when one says that he will curse kings, he makes you believe it; the other does not. . . . Men like that do not scatter their gestures broadcast; they concentrate them. . . . I like the simple way in which you handle tragedy; when dignified characters are agitated by passion or given over to meditation they speak, without doubt, a little louder, but their language does not have to be any the less true or natural. For example—this moment we are speaking in a conversational tone; eh bien! we are making history."

On another occasion the Emperor said to the actor:

"Talma, you come here so often; what do you see here? Princesses whom they have separated from their lovers, princes who have lost their estates, kings whom war has raised to the highest rank, great generals who strive for or demand crowns. All around and about me are deceiving ambitions, jealous rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows hidden in the depths of hearts, afflictions that cry aloud. Certainly there is much tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself—surely I am the most tragic figure in my own times."

"Ah, well—! Do you see as with our arms flying about in the air, studying our gestures, taking attitudes, affecting airs of grandeur? Do you hear us cry out? No—without a doubt; we speak naturally, as anyone speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. That is the way the people who have occupied the world's stage before me have acted and played their tragedies. . . . There are examples for you to contemplate!"

The only time Napoleon waxed poetic was when a pretty young "queen of the footlights" lent the inspiration. The verses were poor, but when the writer became famous, the owner waxed rich.

"Of course Napoleon liked actresses," writes Lecomte, "for he was neither angel nor monster, and at that time, as always, gallantry was an inherent part of the theatrical profession. But even his critics must grant that no (Continued on page viii)



HECTOR DUFRANNE AND HIS DAUGHTER

Like all artists who wish to keep in touch with matters theatrical and operatic, this well-known French baritone is a constant reader of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. The above picture was taken last summer at his country residence near Paris

### The Home Folks

When Laura sought the stage,  
Ah me! There was a great commotion;  
The village mothers shook with rage  
At such a "sinful notion."  
The village Solons stroked their beards,  
And said with mien exacting,  
"This girl of your'n is better dead,  
Than dancin' or play-actin'."

When Laura captured Fame,  
Ah me! It was a different story;  
They quite approved her "fancy name,"  
And boasted of her glory.  
"By gum!" said one, "I told yur so!  
She had the dramer in her."  
While others vowed, "Huh! years ago,  
We knew she'd be a winner!"

#### MORAL

Oh ye who lack encouragement,  
Remember to your sorrow—  
The thing you need the most to-day  
Will hunt for you to-morrow!

LESLIE CURTIS.



A H-HA! Here is something that gives joy to you loafers of the dark, you self-glorifying, pot-bellied wine swillers, you crammed-

stomached, dollar-marked sensation seekers with noses big-pored, scarletly protuberant and gleaming as a vaselined tomato; to you fish-eyed nymphs with faces pasty as wet talcum and sickly veined, and scarlet mouths dripping with bar-room anecdote; to all you silk-hosed female crew with cheeks of pinked plaster and eyes a-penciled, with bodies washed in the lewd scent of Patchouli and glances ever alert for the main chance. Here is something decked in sparkling spangles and seeking to cover its lech with sounds of music and whirl of dance and flash of smile; something that beguiles the law and hides its leprous, polluting, scaly self in the demure garment of pseudo-respectability; something to draw in the unwary, to defile the good wife's ears, to send the crimson into the face of virgins! A little thing, inconsequent, trivial, harmless?

A trifling thing, negligible, immaterial? So say you? Well, then,—so, too, is the tiny typhus bug; so, too, the lilliputian spark at the tip of a trailing fuse; so, too, the meagre scratch of the pimple that leads to poisoned blood. Beware, you whose feeble minds may recall the glory that once was Rome's and whose perverted skulls may perhaps conjure up the clash of cymbal, the flash of naked limb, the languorous lyre and indolent couch that in insidious stealth drew what blood was left from out the veins of the Great White Appian Way, beware of the new-come licensed bagnio—the New York cabaret!

For the cabaret show, that latest importation from the slums of Europe, has sunk its tooth into Manhattan. From the Café Boulevard on the South to the Campus restaurant on the North, from the "Morgue" on the West to Joe Blaney's river-front café on the East, the cabaret is the rage. Everywhere cabarets. No restaurant so humble that oysters may not be swallowed to the tune of *Snap Your Fingers and Away You Go*; no café so meagre that Pilsner may not be gulped to the giddy whirl of the *Fandango Flip-Flop*. Platforms exhibit painted sopranos in bespangled Sixth Avenue second-hand creations, bassos in reverberating "dress suits," short-skirted dancers in bodiceless waists, contraltos in red and in black and indecent. Where there is no platform pretentiousness, a balcony reveals the "artists"; where no balcony, the familiar floor will serve. In and out of the table-lanes wiggle the smickering warblers and twine the lithe leg-lifters. It all doesn't cost a cent. It is free—financially and, especially, morally. It is all as gay as a pint of uncorked domestic champagne, as unforced as a pawnbroker's smile, as devilish as devilled ham. That is, really! Externally it is all thought to be as wicked as Sin itself; that is, by the innocent visiting folk from Poughkeepsie and Oswego and Albany an—New York. The word has been spread. The tidings have been loosed broadcast. And the country cousins have heard. have gone to see and have believed.

The chief vice of the New York cabaret shows is their amazing dullness. Their next greatest vice reposes in the fact that a great many misguided souls do not think they are dull. The best definition of a New York cabaret show is this: A sly means whereby a man is persuaded to believe "what's the use of paying two dollars to go to the theatre when I can see this show for nothing," and whereby he is persuaded to drink two dollars' worth of alcohol and eat two dollars' worth of food he doesn't

## The Deadly Cabaret

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

want, and stay up until two o'clock in the morning in order to persuade himself he has got something for nothing.

As a matter of record, it may be admitted that he actually does get something for nothing. He gets the free idea that he has robbed the box-office of a couple of dollars. As a matter of fact, however, all he has done is to borrow from the theatre manager to pay the restaurateur. And in the act he has gathered a few hoarse, wormy songs, a view of an abdominal schottische, together with a jag and a cigarette voice, in place of two and a half hours spent in a respectable place of amusement witnessing a respectably amusing performance at half the price.

The typical cabaret show visible in the larger and more highly decorated eating halls on and adjacent to Broadway substitutes vulgarity for originality, brazenness for art and stupidity for talent. In not a few instances the alcoholic appetites of the

men customers are deliberately awakened by females who are paid to insinuate themselves close to the tables, brush suggestively up against the men and execute indecent lyrics under the guise of being "performers" and "entertainers."

On the night of October 8, the present writer observed at one of the best known of the cabaret places a series of actions, presumably "all a part of the game," that for subtle prurience and veiled itching might not be matched even in the darkest corner of that fairy-lanterned garden of the Bal Bullier in Paris or in the remotest niche of the *promenoir* of the Empire in London. A table at which were seated three men, one about fifty, one somewhere in the region of forty-five, the third maybe thirty or thirty-two, Their air the



From the *Meggendorfer Blaetter*

"It must be terrible for the people who have to sing here for hours every night."  
"Oh, it's far worse to have to listen to them."

air of "good spenders"; their manner quiet, if suggesting beneath the quietness the foreboding rumbling of Goodtime. In the argot of the gutter, here were three men whom the management of the restaurant in question spotted for "good things," free spenders, but who had to be urged on—get me?—teased. They might open two more bottles—maybe three—maybe six. And the profit in champagne is large. Champagne buyers make the restaurant go. It is the "opener of wine"—to quote in the vulgate—that the proprietor keeps his eyes on.

How to coax the men into "opening"? The girls (*i. e.*, the "performers" of the cabaret) did not have to be told. They had been coached long before this—probably when they applied for positions and had the jobs given them. They knew their business. They knew what the boss expected of them. And right here let the remark be insinuated that it seems to be a curious coincidence in the cabarets that the girl performers rarely start to wiggle in and out of the tables unless the crowd looks like "openers." However, to return to the case in point. Presently two girls—women, rather—dressed in as-it-were Spanish costumes took the floor and began to writhe and larynx to the click-clap of castanets. Demurely they kept their eyes on their feet—modest, timorous, bashful little things, neither of whom could have weighed over one hundred and ninety pounds! Slowly, but surely, toward the table of the possible "wine-buyers" they glided—still with their innocent eyes on the floor. Arrived at the table. Suggestive inundations misnamed dancing, a sly look out of the eye-corner, a bumping against the chairs, a teasing grin, a whispered "Can we sit down with you after awhile?"—all part-of-the-game! \* \* \* \* "Waiter! two quarts





Photos White ESTELLE RICHMOND  
An attractive player

better ventilation. One need not be a moralist to be nauseated at this kind of thing. Something like a swift rush of supreme disgust goes quivering through one's body when a smirking blonde in a showy dress finishes her cabaret ditty, and is observed to toddle over to the table of some "wine-opener" under the cloak of its being all part of a cabaret performance. Cabaret, bosh! An appropriating and degenerating of a decent French word to cover with tinsel the dismal practices that obtain in their true colors in the vicinity of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street!

Publicity and frankness are needed to dispel the myth that one of these "free" cabaret shows is a substitute for the theatre. The word has gone forth through the thitherward cities and provinces, that the visitor to the metropolis is foolish to spend his good money at the box-office, when he can see the same thing at a restaurant without having to pay admission. The fact that a quart of champagne (five dollars) is the price of admission at the most loudly colored of these cabaret shows, can be skipped by. With the dissemination of the news of the vast entertaining and amusing qualities of the cabarets, a considerable portion of the visiting populace has been beguiled into parting with its gold and silver through wine glasses instead of opera glasses. And, realizing it has been hoaxed, the visiting populace has emerged from the cabaret places and, in the vernacular of the circus, has covered up its own chagrin by playing its friends still on the outside of the tent for suckers. Thus has the snowball been steadily enlarged.

The very best of the New York cabaret shows—the highest priced cabaret show of them all—has a bill that is made up of two women singers, a banjo player, a male vocalist, a team of dancers and a young girl performer who jigs an accompaniment to her tunes. All of these performers have been obtained from a vaudeville booking agency, and are persons who, by no hook

of champagne!"

There are several cabaret exhibitions along Broadway and directly off Broadway, running at full blast to-day, where the system of ethics in force is not one whit more refined than that obtaining at the beer halls along the Bowery at Coney Island. These cabaret shows are the dive saloon shows of the slimy alleys in better dresses, without the swearing and with

or crook, have been able to get a job of any kind on the stage. We may except the young girl—a mere child—who seems to have a slumbering talent that is here being abased and crushed in its infancy, along with the girl herself, before the leering gaze of old men and "fresh" young fellows. This, then, is conceded to be the best and most elaborate cabaret show in town! A platform, an orchestra and a colored spot-light are there too. And yet this best of the shows—to see which your check must not be under three dollars at the least, unless you wish to be put down (and maybe out) as a "four-flusher," "cheap-skate," etc., etc., by the restaurant crew—and yet this best of the shows in all cabaret New York would not stand the ghost of a chance at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre or at the ten and twenty-cent (mostly ten) moving-picture vaudeville playhouses that are scattered in every nook and cranny of the Greater City. A whiskey-stilled soprano, a bleater of an unkeyed something, a male vocalist rendering "*Asleep in the Deep*" in dolorific style, a couple of dancers—what a glitt'ring, glamorous, talented array on which to spend money for drinks you do not want, and via a headwaiter for a table you don't want—to see an exhibition allegedly for "no price of admission!" The myth of it; the joke of it; the downright funniness of it!

That the vogue and spread of the cabaret show has already hurt the theatre, is not to be denied. That it may hurt it even more if it keeps on in its mushy way, is probable. But that the cabaret show *will* keep on growing and augmenting itself in point of numbers, may be doubted seriously. Already the public is beginning to "catch on"; already the decenter portion of the restaurant-going public is beginning to realize that the cabaret shows may be all right for visiting drummers and celebrating college boys and speedy females, but not quite the proper caper for persons who at the moment are seeking decent amusement in a decent way in decent surroundings instead of pseudo-decent



LILLIAN LORRAINE  
In "*The Follies of 1912*"

fun and scarlet suggestiveness in something that would be a "joint," if it weren't for the fact that there are carpets on the floor and a fine chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Speaking of this, good brother Julian Street, while sticking a pin in the "glamor" of the cabarets, has said: "The joints may fairly claim a sort of cousinship with this new-come French



HAZEL LEWIS  
At the Moulin Rouge

(Continued on page ix)



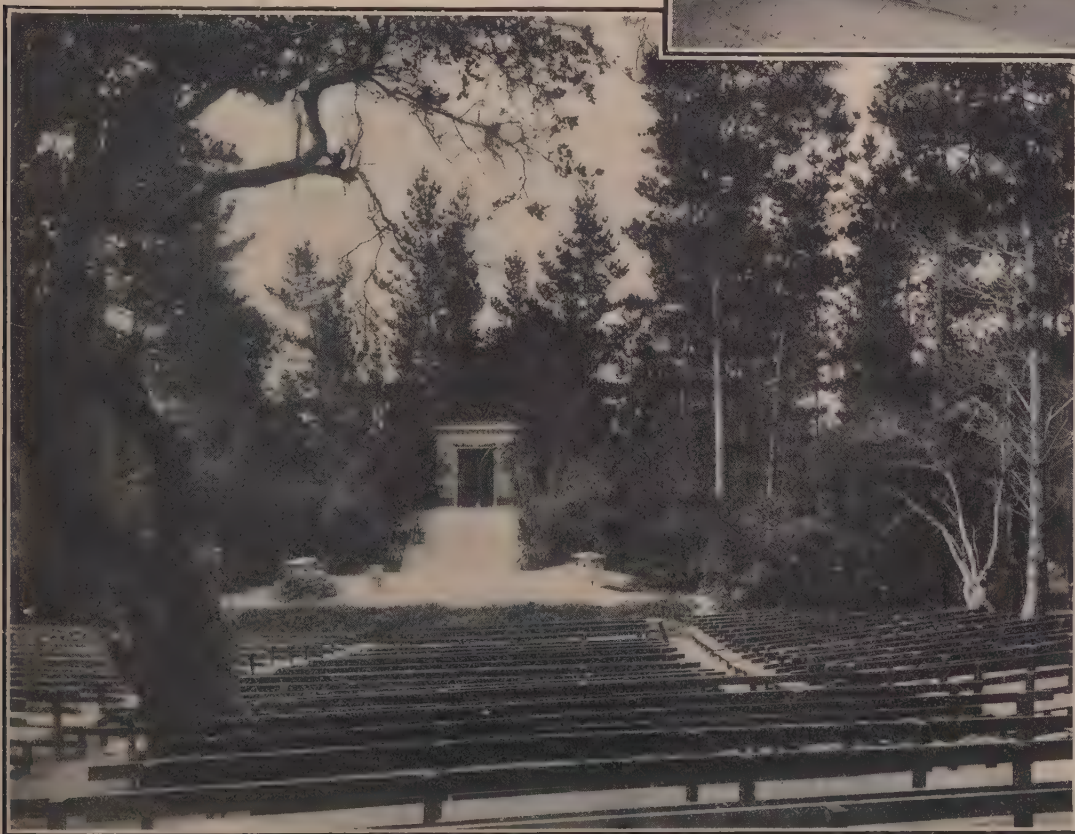
## The Forest Theatre

ON the California coast, little more than one hundred miles south of San Francisco, there is a unique little town which straggles along a high pine-covered ridge and down over wind-swept dunes to the snow-white sands of Carmel Bay, four miles from the historic old town of Monterey. It is linked historically and geographically with the earliest civilizing influences of the West: the Missions of the Roman Catholic Church. On its borders stands the old adobe church of San Carlos de Borromeo, Father Junipero Serra's favorite mission, a mute memorial to the lofty ideals and large plans of those men of two centuries ago. The present town, Carmel-by-the-Sea, seems to have caught and held the courageous and creative spirit of the pioneers, and it has become a Mecca for artists and writers, an inspiration for artistic achievement.

One of the most vital outgrowths of Carmel's artistic life is the Forest Theatre Society. It was founded in the winter of 1909 by a group of Carmel men and women to encourage the art of the drama in California.

The outdoor theatre is a practical possibility in California nine months out of the year, and with this in mind the society set about to choose a site. A beautiful open hillside above Carmel proved to be a natural amphitheatre with excellent acoustic properties, and it was easily converted into an outdoor auditorium, and appropriately named the Forest Theatre.

It was protected and screened by an encircling forest of Monterey pines. The back curtain and stage wings were the slim, stately trees, a low growth of manzanita and oak concealed the dressing-rooms, and a near-by group of trees effectually sheltered the orchestra. The stage was built upon a mound facing the hills, smaller shrubs and trees were transplanted to it, and the result was a charming sylvan stage spacious enough for spectacular choruses, and admirably adapted to all plays requiring an outdoor setting. Seats for one thousand people were arranged upon the hillside, and in the



SCENE IN "THE TOAD," AS PRESENTED AT THE FOREST THEATRE

summer of 1910 the Forest Theatre was formally opened.

The initial performance was "David," a biblical drama by Constance Skinner, a California woman. In 1911, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was chosen, and presented in July. The third performance was more elaborate and pretentious than anything before attempted. An historical pageant took place in the afternoon, and in the evening "The Toad," a three-act drama of ancient Egypt, was enacted. The author is Mrs. Bertha Newberry, a Carmel resident, and hitherto unknown as a writer of plays.

This completes the list of Forest Theatre productions so far. They have each been successful, presented with sincerity and artistic attention to details.





Photos H. D. Van Eaton

"I am an Oriental, a Jew—the wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars"

## FROM a dingy tenement room on the East Side, where, as Madame Nazimova herself

# Nazimova---The Unknowable

By LUCILE ERSKINE

drolly says, "we had to knock before we entered, so the rats could make room for us," to a luxurious, gold-leaf apartment just off Fifth Avenue, is what dramatic genius and linguistic adaptability have done for this Russian actress, who was financially as well as artistically successful in St. Petersburg, before her tribulations began here in America. At the time of her unhappy experience on the East Side, she believed her coming to the United States to be the greatest mistake of her life. Now she is of a different opinion. Closing the white and gold door after her, she led the visitor to a cosy niche in which were a blue divan, pillows, rugs, all of the same French shade, and demurely she said:

"At your service!"

Her child-like simplicity completely disarms one. She might have been some intimate chum, as, indifferent to the conventions, she nodded carelessly to a seat, curled herself up on the divan opposite, and puffed away at a cigarette in a gold holder. Nazimova is an inveterate smoker. She smokes incessantly, yet naturally, as many foreign women do, and without the bravado that the American cigaretter puts into her forbidden whiffs. The actress insists that tobacco helps her to think.

Her gown, a loose robe of crinkly stuff which fell in graceful folds, blended with the Copenhagen blue of the general color scheme of the room. Around her mouse-colored hair glittered a band of gold, an artistic frame to the small, delicate, intellectual face. Her eyes, of a blue "never seen on land or sea," are inscrutable, two veils that guard the most secret chambers of the brain. Her voice has the golden insinuating qualities of the Bernhardt, and her feline grace, as from one posture she melts

into another, recalls the rising and falling of the waves of the sea.

It was a typically Russian room, with a brass samovar simmering in a corner, the charcoal beneath glowing like a bed of rubies. Around the walls were innumerable portraits of the actress, photographs and oil paintings, each having one or other of the unique sinuosities of which Nazimova has a larger repertoire than possibly any woman living. Yet none did her justice; for Nazimova, when in repose, is not herself. One cannot make a rippled pool out of a flowing fountain without changing its integral character.

On the piano, amidst a pile of music and ornaments, stood a bronze cast of her as Hedda Gabler, that Norwegian heroine as indissolubly connected with her name as is Hamlet with Edwin Booth. It was difficult to believe that the little spright of a woman now before me (she seems much shorter in stature off the stage) could be Ibsen's elongated, decadent destroyer. That is the marvel of Nazimova, the artist. She sheds her own personality like a worn-out skin and fits so tight into the character she impersonates that hers is genuinely a creation. Beside the Hedda Gabler was a cast of Duse's hand.

"Such a sad hand!" commented Nazimova, gazing at it pensively. Then, as she had been quiet a second—a long time for her—she sprang up impulsively and took down the hand to show me.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"No, I have never met her," she replied, stroking the beautiful marble fingers. "I was afraid; she is too wonderful. It is enough to see her face. All the tragedy of the world is there; yet it is not beautiful. Great actresses rarely are."

But I had not come to discuss Duse. I had come to get this clever Russian woman to tell me something about "Bella Donna."



"I read the novel and copied about 160 pages from it, just to enable me to get into the atmosphere. I spent six weeks studying the book in that way. I now know those pages perfectly; yet I shall never utter the words. Then I began to read everything I could find about Egypt—to get more local color—and after that I studied the play and got my lines. Then I put it all away, and tried not to think of it; yet one night I was in a restaurant idly watching a woman. Suddenly she moved her arm. Like a flash I took the gesture from her. It was just what I needed for 'Bella Donna.' That is the way my characters form, they creep upon me unawares. When I went to my first rehearsal, I knew Mrs. Chepstow would stand out vividly before me, complete in every detail. But the great character in 'Bella Donna' is the Egyptian. Well I know what he means by his veiled words. Sometimes I feel I could answer him in his own tongue, for somewhere, sometime, I have seen him before. I knew him thousands of years ago, the last time I was on earth."

Often have I listened politely, but secretly scoffed, while some fashionable celebrity told me that he or she was once filleted Greek or triumphant Roman, but when Nazimova said, "I knew him thousands of years ago," and raised her hand in solemn earnestness, I felt certain that the eyes looking over my shoulder into the misty past had sometime seen antiquity and remembered.

"You are all mystery, Madame Nazimova; tell me about your life."

"Which one?" she retorted, with quick irony.

The girl was gone—a woman, with a face that sorrow had help mould to power, looked fixedly at me.

"The real one—the inner one—the life that no one knows."

"For publication?"

The actress raised her eyebrows as she replied with a smile:

"It is already written by myself." Running lightly to her desk, she brought out some manuscript, an autobiography, and sitting down, began to turn the pages.

"It's up to the time I was eleven years old. I remember everything as if it were yesterday. I wrote it in Russian, of course, and everything is true; not what I should have thought and should have done, but what I *did* think and what I *did* do, and it will be so all through."

"When will you publish it?"

"When I am very old—and there is no more to write."

This autobiography ought to be interesting, when we remember that Nazimova is of the same race as Marie Bashkirtseff and Sonya Kovalesky—those super-women that Russia alone seems able to produce. It will certainly be frank.

"That is what most American women lack—frankness," she said, curling up once more in the chair; "frankness in everything—in speech, in manner, in dress. I mean, of course, the average rich, so-called society woman. They are not natural, not themselves. They are dolls. They wear masks. If they doff them, it must be when they are alone. What they think and do they never talk about. Do they think? I doubt it. They dress after some lay figure, and try to be as much like everybody else as if they were a flock of sheep. Have you read Olive Schreiner's book, 'Woman and Labor'? She flays mercilessly the fashionable woman of to-day. She denounces her as a parasite, a danger to our civilization. Interested only in their selfish pleasures, contributing nothing to science or art, often bringing forth feeble-minded, degenerate sons, such women constitute a menace to society. This does not apply, of course, only to American women, but to the rich, idle woman the world over. There is more wealth in America, so one notices it more here—that's all."

"What do you think about American men?"

"I don't know them——"

She lit another cigarette, and then, with a smile and a roughish



"I knew him thousands of years ago, the last time I was on earth"





"The hunger strike is the only way"

twinkle in her eye, she quickly added:

"They seem very manly, compared with the effeminate specimens we have in Russia."

"So you like America?"

"How could I help it? Everything here is just the contrary of what one expected. The life is feverish, exhilarating. Every day one hears new, undreamed-of things. You Americans are not supposed to have any myths, yet look at the mythology you create about stage people. Think of all the innumerable people who claim to have discovered me on the East Side—my brave rescuers from poverty and obscurity—they are legion! As a matter of fact, it was not so very far down on Fourth Avenue. While we did not make money, we played the great classic plays—such as Fifth Avenue would turn up its fashionable nose at—and we played to the most discerning audience in the world. I think it admirable that your rich society women aid those people financially, but sometimes I wonder if Fifth Avenue realizes how inferior mentally it is to Fourth Avenue. The intellect of New York you will find on the East Side; there you find brilliant, cultivated, university-trained men and women. They may lack, for the present, the material things of life, but the future is theirs. They see far and know it."

"Then all at once I became a fad; people were as curious about me as if I had two heads

or three legs. The greatest tribute I receive are the letters from men saying that seeing me as 'Nora' in 'The Doll's House' has made their home life happier. To make people happy—that is the highest service given to anyone. If the stage does it, why is it not on a par with the pulpit?"

Nazimova is noted for the artistic manner in which she dresses a part. I asked if she designed her own gowns.

"I never think of changing the lines of my gowns. I abhor the skirt and waist; the break in the middle of the figure is hideous. All art teaches us that the straight line from neck to toe broken by the natural line of the figure is the most beautiful and becoming. I wouldn't think of wearing a panier, unless I wished to appear grotesque—yet I am not a frump and don't look out-of-date or freakish. I make my own mode. I am myself in my dress as in everything else. It is fear that makes American women so much clay in fashion's fingers. If they were more individual in gowning themselves there would be more personalities among them. The costumes I wear on the stage are not externals; they are symbols; they say again in colors what I say in my lines. In 'Hedda Gabler' I had a special rubber to elongate the collar and give a diseased look to my face.

"During the dramatic season my life is no different from any factory or shop girl's. I have no time for anything except an occasional book. Instead of having one 'boss' we have



"We go to art to forget; the more we work the more we forget"





White

Benedick  
(E. H. Sothern)

Beatrice  
(Julia Marlowe)

Act V. Scene 4. Benedick: "A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts!—  
Come, I will have thee"

SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," RECENTLY AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE



many—the public, and disappointments in battalions, and often despair. A play's success or failure is like tossing a coin; not much fun when you are the coin tossed."

"Does not your love for your art make up for everything?"

"Oh, no, I don't say it does, but love in my own life was unfortunate, and I often wonder if the smug bourgeois who envy us know that we go to art to forget, and that we work hard because the more we work the more we forget. Happiness and greatness are as far apart as the poles. The satisfied are silent; the unsatisfied sing."

When asked if she was interested in any of the women movements of the day, thinking she must be, restive and brilliant as she is, she shook her head and replied with a strange, cryptic look:

"Suffrage, or as Barrie calls it, women wanting to grow beards like men, or eugenics, the production of genius *à la carte*—it

select the stage for a career unless she has intellect. We would have greater drama if we had more brain among our actresses. Beauty and style are not essential. The "make-up" box will simulate the one; a clever dressmaker will manufacture the other. I don't mean, however, cold, hard intellect. She should be like an æolian harp, so that every human harmony can play upon her; not she upon it. Experience is not necessary—we who mimic life must understand it. You understand with your mind. It is not necessary to visit each and every stratum personally, yet you must know how it feels to be a prisoner at the bar of justice or a child playing among flowers. Intellect alone teaches you that, plus sympathy with humanity—and always she should have an adoration for the beautiful.

"I am very glad, as I look back," she continued, "that I had so much beauty in my early life. Unconsciously, I was preparing for art. I was born at Yalte (the Newport of Russia) on



Photo Burke Atwell

GLADYS WYNNE AND FISKE O'HARA IN "THE ROSE OF KILDARE"  
Scene in the new Irish drama in which Mr. O'Hara is now appearing on the road

seems to me that I have heard all those tiresome questions discussed and settled ages ago."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Some place, some time. I remember and I forget. It was long ago, thousands of years since."

She does not smile. Her face is serious and pensive. You are puzzled. But she does not explain. With all her naïveté, there is something eerie and uncanny about Nazimova. She understands everybody, but no one completely understands her. As soon as she lets you into one unexplored crevice of her personality she closes the door and you can permeate no farther. She is unknowable.

"Only," she went on presently, "the modern woman is efficient, because she is so masculine. Mere femininity gets nowhere. It spells weakness, dependence; and for a woman to have manliness does not mean that she must wear men's clothes, cut her hair short, or get drunk, but that she must have great physical endurance, mental breadth, and survey the world as it is, and not be cuddled with half-truths. I think no woman ought to

the Black Sea. Our house was right on the water, and in Winter the waves would splash against the windows and the salt lashed the glass like stones. Then we used to climb the mountains to view the sunset. And such coloring! Nowhere out of Italy does the sun dip as gloriously as in the Black Sea. Then I went to Switzerland to be educated, and grew up with the icy peaks to inspire, to strengthen."

"What made you go on the stage?"

"Just like any stage-struck girl. There were no players in my family; my father was a chemist. At fourteen I went to the Conservatory; later I was a 'super' at Moscow. There I nearly starved. My father had died, and my guardian left me without funds."

"Do you think the hunger route the only way to fame?"

Quickly she nodded assent. Impressively she said:

"Yes, the only way."

We fell to talking about books, and she ran into the adjoining room to get one for me.

"Come in here," she said.

(Continued on page vi)





Gertrud Eysoldt as Turandot



A group of girls in "Turandot"



Johanna Terwin as Adelma

## A CHINESE FAIRY-TALE

By RICHARD SAVAGE.

A CHINESE fairy-tale, conceived by an Italian of the eighteenth century, put into verse by a German poet of the nineteenth, revised by a German playwright and set to music by an Italian composer of the twentieth and finally adapted to the American stage by an Englishman—that is the international complexity of "Turandot," a classic remodeled and modernized by Karl Vollmueller which, under the management of Max Reinhardt, was one of the theatrical sensations of Europe last winter. The play had been scheduled for production in America this fall, but the cool reception recently accorded the Gautier-Loti Chinese drama may bring about a change of plan. Managers like to swim with the tide. If a play of the Civil War scores a hit, quickly they present another piece on the same subject. The Oriental play "Sumurun" won a great triumph. Immediately it was followed by "Kismet." Sometimes the tide takes them in the opposite direction. A Chinese play fails to please; therefore all Chinese plays are bad. That is not reasoning; it is the way of the tide. Mr. W. A. Brady had purchased the American rights of "Turandot" with the intention of presenting Grace George in it, but he has changed his mind and will present his wife in a dramatization of Compton Mackenzie's novel "Carnival" instead. But this does not detract from the merit of "Turandot," which is an interesting work and one which the American theatre-goer should have an opportunity of seeing.

If the German poet, Schiller, had not felt obliged to set his pen to work even when he was aware that his muse had deserted him, this play would never have seen modern footlights, but as it is, lacking stuff for a drama, he rummaged among the Impromptu Comedies of eighteenth century Italy, pulled out a rare piece by one Carlo Gozzi and converted it into a tragi-comedy of his own. Though much read and frequently quoted in Germany to-day, this play has never been produced with much success. Schiller turned the story he

found into a tale with a moral, and as that will hardly do if one would amuse a modern audience, Max Reinhardt, who knows how to please the public, had Karl Vollmueller, one of his poetical allies, hark back to the original Italian manuscript to build up from it a real comedy, full of fun and mischief. He has succeeded in giving us a most amusing story with all the thrill and the pathos, the improbability and the nonsense of a genuine fairy-tale, which the music of Ferruccio Busoni, the costumes and the scenery designed by Ernst Stern of Munich, and the pantomimic interpolations of Max Reinhardt have converted into just such a wonderful spectacle as the modern audience demands and has learned to expect.

These genii of the stage with their magic transfer you at the rise of the curtain to Dreamland, where nothing is definite and everything is indescribable. Action and costumes, people, words, music, they all melt together into a vague and nebulous impression.

Though that is just the effect that Reinhardt would produce—the effect of atmosphere rather than that of correctness of detail—it is achieved, strangely enough, only through the most conscientious regard for the historical demands of the manuscript. The close analyst in the audience—he who is not content with general impressions, but must inquire into the whys and where-

fores—is not long in determining that the dramatic effect here is compounded of equal parts of Venice and the Orient. The fact that this is as it should be, gives the play the interest of abnormality, and places it immediately beyond the throes of classification. We are seeing here, if we but know it, a Chinese fairy-tale through the eyes of eighteenth century Italy; we are meeting characters which belong as much to mythological China as to early modern Italy—they are Chinese characters playing through Italian masks.

The very first scene of the play introduces that strange admixture of Italian and Chinese by presenting



Alexander Moissi as Kalaf



Wilhelm Diegelmann as Altouni



Hans Wassmann as Truffaldino



Paul Biensfeld as Tartaglia



a Venetian Bridge of Sighs in the streets of Pekin. On the iron spikes of the city gates are mounted the grinning, gaping heads of men whose hair has been neatly trimmed into a lone, solemn lock in the center. So symmetric and amusing an array do they present that one wonders whether they have been put here as an ornament to the city. Kalaf, an Astrachan prince, who arrives upon the stage riding a donkey, and clad in a phantastic Tartaric costume is also lost in wonderment at the sight of these monstrosities. From a passer-by, in whom he recognizes Barak, his former Chamberlain, he seeks enlightenment, and hears that these are horrible evidences of the matchless cruelty of the proud and beautiful princess Turandot, and of the eternal sadness into which she is steeping her people. Her keen and lofty mind so controls her heart that she can see in men only inferior beings and must, therefore, utterly repudiate the thought of marriage. The King, her father, has begged, he has cajoled and tried to bribe her into accepting one of her many suitors, but to no avail. Finally, however, they have reached a compromise which is this: That in open court, to any man who would seek to woo her, she will put three questions. Should he succeed in answering them, she will become his wife; should he fail, he will have to pay the penalty with his head. Cries the Astrachan prince incredulously:

"What a terrible tale you are telling me, Barak, but what fools of men to have risked their lives for such a monster of a girl!"

"They were not fools. They could not help themselves, for they had seen her picture. The soul of him who beholds it is lost, and he will go dancing to his death only to possess the original."

To-day is the funeral of the latest victim of Turandot's haughtiness. The distant roll of drums announces the approach of the executioner. Kalaf tells Barak that as he is here in disguise seeking his fortune, he must disclose to no one his identity. He is reduced to this life of adventure, he says, ever since he has had to flee from his native Astrachan and seek shelter in the neighboring kingdom of King Keicobad, the Tartar. During the wars of this king with King Altoum, of Pekin, he had had to flee again. His parents, alas, he had lost on the way, but when he had made his fortune, he meant to find them again.

As they are talking of these things, in rushes Ismael, the miserable servant of the last unfortunate prince who could not guess the riddles. He cannot be comforted, and in his madness and fury he throws to the ground the portrait of Turandot, which had been the undoing of his poor master.

Here follows the most gripping scene in the play—that in which Kalaf first looks upon the picture of Turandot. As Alexander Moissi played it, he gave a most subtle psychological study, not of a man who is overcome by the emotions suddenly aroused in him, but of one who is gradually moved, pleased, fascinated and finally enthralled by the face in the picture before him. Busoni's music here is an aria upon a theme of awakened love. Instead of disturbing the mood, as incidental music so often does, it serves to enhance its wonder and fascination.

The second act takes place in the hall of the imperial palace. A door at the right leads to the Seraglio, that at the left to the

chambers of the Emperor. Truffaldino and Brighella are busy airing their satisfaction over the arrival of another suitor, and ordering the eunuchs about their business of arranging the room for the next guessing contest. With pompous music, the court enters, and with due ceremony the Emperor directs a sacrifice to the gods to gain their indulgence for this unfortunate young man who is risking his life for an unattainable end. When Kalaf enters, the Emperor begs him to reconsider his candidacy for the hand of the princess, telling him that the people are grumbling and openly protesting against this matrimonial massacre. But, in spite of Tartaglia's added timely reminder, "Have you ever considered what it means to be a head shorter?" he remains obdurate—for has he not seen the portrait of the beautiful and incomparable Turandot?

Again the music takes up the story. Truffaldino enters shouldering a broadsword and followed by eunuchs and slaves with tambourines. Then come Turandot's two favorite slaves, the one in Chinese, the other in Tartaric costume. The former carries a small basin in which are the sealed answers to the riddles, which she distributes among the learned doctors, who are lined up in their chairs of state at the back of the stage. The procession

passes the Emperor, prostrating itself before him. Finally—Turandot, in rich Chinese costume, deeply veiled, dignified, serious, proudly erect. At her approach the court renews its protestations of fealty. After a surreptitious scrutiny of Kalaf, she turns to her Chinese slave to say: "Zelima, what is happening to me? Never before has a man aroused any compassion in me, but this one has found a way." She begs Kalaf to abandon his purpose.

"See," she says, "I am not as cruel as they make me out to be. It is only my disgust for men that makes me do this. Do not tempt my mind; it is my sole pride, the only weapon given me by Heaven to conceal my soul. It would be my death to have it uncovered."

But Kalaf is not to be won from his determination and the contest is opened. While it is going on the court drinks tea out of tiny cups to tinkling music, to which Truffaldino beats the time with silver bells as he sits at the foot of the princess in the midst of the lovely ladies of the Seraglio. Mingled with this lighter *motif* are many others descriptive of the conflicting emotions and interests of the participants in the scene—the suspense, the breathless interest of the court, the mingled fear and hope of Turandot, the passion and the calm determination of the prince.

Twice he is successful with his answers. Turandot, shaken in her self-assurance, begs him to desist before it is too late. She says to him:

"Daring fool, know that my hatred grows step by step with your hope for victory. Leave this place at once. That is the only way you can save your head."

But Kalaf does not wish to save it in that way, Turandot must give him the third riddle to

(Continued on page vii)



Copyright Falk

HOWARD KYLE

In the title rôle of Lessing's play, "Nathan the Wise"





White

Punks  
(David C. Montgomery)

Cinderella  
(Elsie Janis)

Spooks  
(Fred A. Stone)

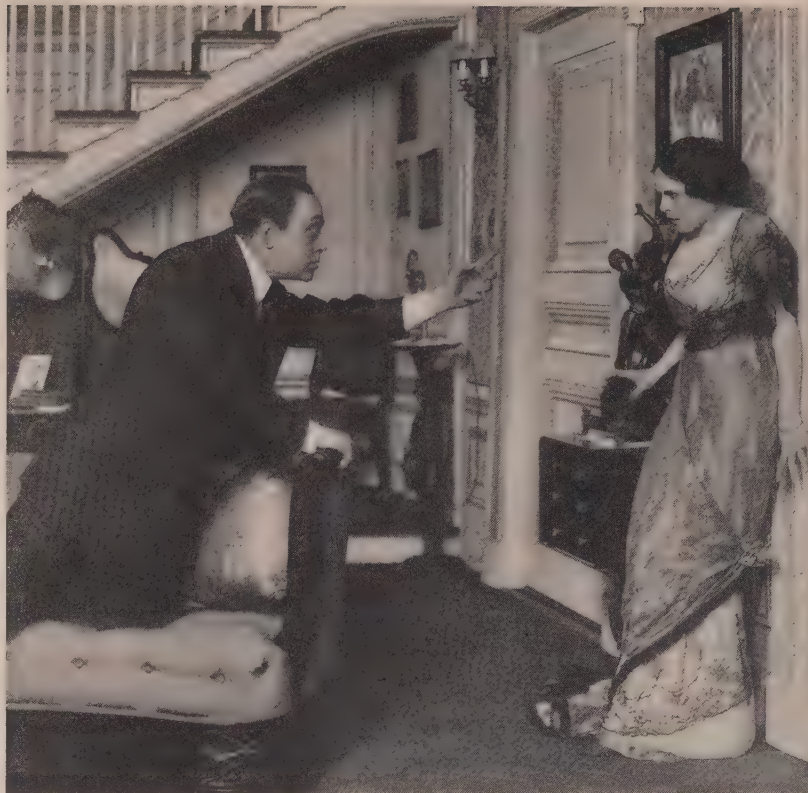
Act. 3. When the clock strikes twelve Cinderella's beautiful clothes are transformed into rags.

SCENE IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE





White  
Act I. Bob: "If I had the money  
you could have a million hats!"



Bob Reynolds (Mr. Edeson)

Mrs. Reynolds (Lolita Robertson)

Act III. Bob: "You and I don't seem to do team work when it comes to thieving!"



Act IV. Mrs. Reynolds: "I don't  
know whether he will be home at  
all."

SCENES IN EUGENE WALTER'S NEW PLAY "FINE FEATHERS," SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED IN CHICAGO.

## Chicago Applauds Eugene Walter's New Play

EUGENE WALTER, who wrote "The Easiest Way" and "Paid in Full," two plays which stirred New York, has written another drama, entitled "Fine Feathers," which, from all accounts, appears to make an equally popular appeal. New York has not yet seen the piece, which has broken all records in Chicago this season. Produced there at the Cort Theatre on August 12 last, it is the only one of the early productions still current. It was intended to open the new Cort Theatre, in this city, with "Fine Feathers," but in view of the capacity business still being done in Chicago, the New York opening has been postponed.

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, the critic of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, in his review, declares that the play points a lesson of the highest moment. "Here," he says, "we have the tragedy of a man who relinquishes a right ideal of conduct and pays to the uttermost farthing for the surrender of his soul. Here again is tragedy growing out of incessant fretting at the vexations of a kind of existence almost everybody has to live—disgust at its small economies, impatience with the slow and onerous methods by which a little may be saved and a little ease and pleasure be obtained. The promptings of affection, the wish to see beloved dependents enjoying the things that make life agreeable, are factors in the spiritual disintegration that is the essence of Mr. Walter's tragedy. So Robert Reynolds, irked by his far from unendurable poverty, and shamed by the deprivations his young wife declines longer to endure, takes, like the Laura of Mr. Walter's earlier tragedy of every day, the easiest way. By wickedly misusing his position, which is underpaid, but involves the highest responsibility, he is able to let inferior material go into the construction of a great public work, on the stability of which the lives of hundreds depend.

"That dam will last a hundred years with second-grade cement. In twenty years it will be found inadequate and be torn out. The difference between the cement those specifications call for and the cement that will serve is \$200,000. Forty thousand of that is yours if you do what you know you can do."

"That is the gist of the proposition submitted to the young Reynolds, of the mortgaged bungalow on Staten Island and the \$25-a-week place in the laboratory of a huge factory.

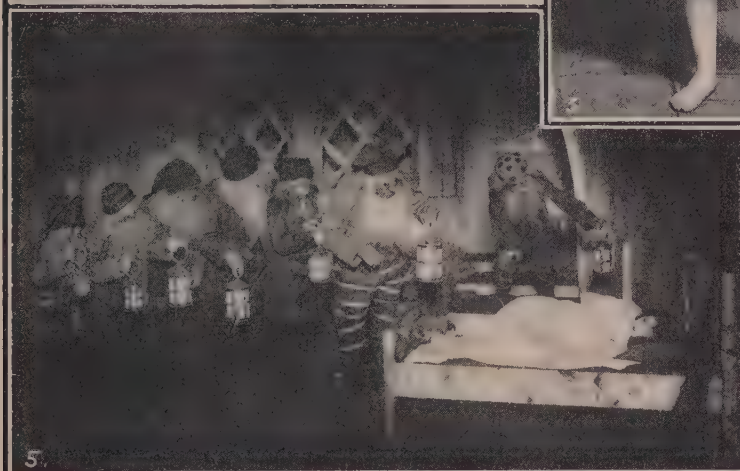
"But that's stealing," he says, and his contempt is quiet—no heroics in it. The confident, easy, plausible man of affairs replies: 'It's picking up the loose ends of a business deal—and it's picking up the loose ends that's made the American millionaire.'

"So the loose ends are picked up and Robert Reynolds and his wife move from the bungalow on Staten Island, where it was 'shut up the house all winter to keep the air in and shut it up all summer to keep the mosquitoes out,' to a villa on Long Island, where the ventilation is better and the living softer. They had two years of that, and all the time that 'Bob' Reynolds pretended he was getting away with the wrong he had done he knew the wrong was getting him, and he grew gaunt and hollow-eyed, and more and more he put his trust in the bottle and more and more he threw the money that had come of picking up the loose ends into crazy speculations. He turned to the confident man of affairs for more money, and sometimes he got it. He knew it was blackmail, but it was also life and luxury, and a part of 'the easiest way.' But that money went, too, and when 'Bob' was advised to go to the same source for still more, he said, 'He's tried to help me—but it seems as if I couldn't be helped.' There came a day of unprecedented high water and the dam went down and hundreds of lives readjusted the balance of the proposition relative to 'picking up the loose ends.' Then 'Bob' Reynolds, collegian, whom everybody had liked, a good man in the classroom and on the football field, fond husband, and thoroughly schooled chemist, fell a-raving and his mind leaped backward to the day when he and his wife left the bungalow on Staten Island. 'Since that day,' he moaned, 'we've been piling up these things.' The easiest way seemed to be to make an end of it, so he stepped to the telephone and said, 'Send an officer to the Reynolds house on Berkeley Avenue—it's a case of suicide.'

"The room was dark. The woman sat huddled on a divan such as they couldn't have gotten into the Staten Island house. She heard the words, then the shot. There was a hurrying of many feet; then pounding on the door. The playhouse curtain glided downward with an ironic softness, dulling the sounds of the screaming and shutting the turmoil from view.

"Don't you know there are some men who can't do a wrong and get away with it? The wrong always gets them."





Photos White

No. 1. The seven dwarfs asleep. No. 2. Queen Brangomar and Witch Hex. No. 3. Snow White (Marguerite Clark) in the Butterfly Dance. No. 4. Snow White and her maids of honor. No. 5. The dwarfs discover Snow White asleep. No. 6. Witch Hex and her three cats. No. 7. In the throne room of the Queen's palace.

SCENES IN "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE





Wilton Lackaye



Blanche Bates



Julia Marlowe



May Irwin



Mabel Taliaferro



Otis Skinner



Maxine Elliott



Julia Dean



Frances Starr



Eleanor Robson

## THE PLAYER'S CHRISTMAS

By ADA PATTERSON

AT Christmas pity the poor player. The rich player, also, for on this day his purse, overflowing though it may be, is powerless. Christmas, for you and me and others who jog in comfortable, undisturbed obscurity along life's road, is home-time and heart-time. For the actor it is work-time and homesick time, the day when he wishes he were a coal heaver, a hotel porter, anybody but a mime.

On this classic holiday he is as forlorn of aspect, as heartsick and hopeless, as that child from the tenement who stares with hungry eyes into a window draped with holly and crowded with gifts and goodies. For corroboration of this strong statement, see any actor who happens to

be playing in a Broadway success on this day. He will tell you that he anticipates Christmas with dread.

Maxine Elliott, who is just now illuminating English society even more brilliantly than she did the American stage, clothed the idea in different phrase. Said she, "Christmas on the stage is nothing. There isn't any."

Into every player's summary of the supreme holiday of Christendom there creeps a plaintive note. Even Lillian Russell, who is the apostle of cheerfulness in all circumstances, complains that she never sees Christmas. "I pay for a big Christmas tree and all the presents on it, but I never see it until next day, when it is stripped of all the presents and looks like a banquet table the morning after."

A poignant instance of that twisting of the heartstrings which banishes the accustomed gaiety from the faces of our entertainers beyond the footlight is that which befell Wilton Lackaye in the mid-winter holiday season.

Everyone who has met Mr. Lackaye when off the boards has been fairly sure to meet his small human replica, Wilton Lackaye, Jr. The actor's human copy, his echo and preferred companion, is the small, sturdy lad of eight years, who takes three steps to his father's stride, but toddles uncomplainingly on, whether their walk be down the famous street of amusement or along the beach of the Lackaye home at Shelter Island. A oneness more signal than that between the only child and his parents exists between the senior and junior Lackaye, one so extraordinary that the eminent character actor exalts the trimming of his son's Christmas tree into a sacred rite. Not content with merely ordering the tree on this occasion, he had gone adventuring among the stores for the largest and finest in town. He had set it up himself in the drawing-room of his house on Ninetieth Street, near Riverside Drive, had bought the Santa Claus offerings and himself hung the tree heavy with them. This conjures a vision of a jovous early waking on the dawn of Christmas Day, of the patter of

eager little feet, probably bare, down stairs and shrill many-worded joy ecstasy at sight of the wonders Kriss Kringle had wrought, while fond parents look at the child, not the tree. Banish the vision. This is a story of the player's Christmas.

As the clock struck twelve, the whistles blew and bells rang, and all the pandemonium of good will was let loose. Mr. Lackaye, traveling bag in hand, a rueful face looking over the collar of his greatcoat, was descending the steps quickly, but reluctantly, to his cab.

"You must drive double quick to catch my train. I dare not miss it," he said gruffly to the driver.

"Got any little people at home?" he asked the driver after the wild swaying gallop to the station. "I've got one and I can't be at home to see how he looks when he sees the tree to-morrow."

The next night he played "The Pit" in a Southern city.

Blanche Bates recalls the actor's chief humiliation, being fined on a Christmas. "I was playing in a stock company in San Francisco, and after the matinee started on a walk to give me an appetite for a boarding-house Christmas dinner. All would have gone well enough—though one should use the word ill (not well) about an actor's Christmas—if my walk through Sacramento Street hadn't led me past Chinatown. Strange sounds fell upon my ears. I stopped irresolute. You know what happens to the person who hesitates. I was soon lost in the audience of a Chinese theatre. I sat there, enjoying the Oriental grotesquerie, sat on and on, until, glancing at my watch, I saw it was half-past seven. I had missed my boarding-house dinner, which was not an unalleviated evil, but it was time to hurry to the theatre. I started to make my way to the door, but a Celestial barred the way. Rude barbarians of the younger nations may leave the playhouse while a drama is unfolding, but not an Oriental playhouse. That is more than crass rudeness. It is sacrilege. The Celestial nodded toward the door. It was locked. There was nothing to be done but to wait. The queer, monotonous music lost its charm. The strange actors got on my nerves. Bernhardt herself could not have held me at that moment, nor in the succeeding hour and a half that I waited until the audience had paid its homage to art and the curtain fell and the door was unlocked. It was a quarter past nine when, dinnerless, I reached the stage door. My firm friend, the doorkeeper, had lost the power of speech. He could only wag his thumb over his shoulder to a spot whence came wickedly profane sounds. They came from the stage manager. I paid the fine. I thought I ought to after keeping the audience waiting an hour.

At least one actress could not resist the call of Christmas. That was that most domestic of actresses, May Irwin. To the con-



sternation of her manager and the loudly expressed ire of the owner of the theatre she cancelled her engagement in Detroit and came to New York to spend Christmas with her sons, Walter and Harry, at the Irwin home on Sixty-eighth Street, near Central Park. "On the train I wrote out the menu and telegraphed it to my cook, and there was waiting for me the best Christmas dinner I ever ate," said the unrepentent rebel against the customs which make, and keep, an actor's Christmas unhappy.

She in whom, as Mrs. August Belmont, is becoming submerged the memory, if not the personality, of Eleanor Robson, has told of the unhappiest of all her unhappy stage Christmases.

"My mother was away," she said. "Our little flat was terribly lonesome that Christmas morning when I awoke, as a malicious fate would have it, earlier than usual. The day began badly, for my little spaniel, Prince Charlie, was ill. He had licked the fresh varnish from one of the chairs and seemed to be ready to pass from this plane. The Christmas gifts which mother had written that she would send did not arrive. My maid had the toothache and had wrapped her head in a Turkish towel. The day dragged on until it was time to go to the matinée. There the actor's deepest humiliation befell me. Our play had been a failure, and on this Christmas afternoon it was necessary to close the theatre because no one had come to see us. On my way home the cab suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter?" I called to the driver.

"Look around you, mum, and ye'll see," was his surly answer.

"We had gotten into a funeral procession and the driver was unable to leave it.

"When we extricated ourselves from this solemn environment, and I reached my home, the maid was no better, the dog was worse. Miss Ada Dwyer, of my company, had asked me to dine with her, and together, at her hotel, we ate our Christmas dinner, she with sorrowful face because her husband and daughter were far away. My tears fell into my plate and mingled with my turkey."

Frances Starr relates the tale of Christmas at a lake town in Michigan when a northern blizzard encompassed the lonely thespians. They were snowbound in the theatre, and celebrated the day dolefully about a stunted pine tree in the cellar.

Julia Marlowe, afflicted with Christmas home-sickness, which she asserts is the worst form of nostalgia, and which reaches its most tortuous form in an actor's breast, sat weeping in her dressing room on a Christmas Eve in a Western city, when a timid tap at the door interrupted her smothered bewailings. Drying her tears she went to the door.

"Mr. Sothern wants to know if you would run over the last scene with him on the stage," said the stage manager.

Miss Marlowe followed the stage manager to what she expected to be a stage crowded with Dantean shadows. Instead, she blinked at the brilliant spectacle of tables set in a hollow square, adorned with holly and mistletoe, shining with silver and piled high with a turkey, with a scroll "Welcome" stretched across the delicate brown of his capacious outlines. There were gifts for all, pleasant speeches from all, and the hour that began with tears of sorrow ended with those of joy. It was a surprise arranged by her thoughtful co-star for the woman who later became his wife.

Otis Skinner thinks the Christmas spirit should be spread, even though more thinly, over the year. The only time he waxes peevish is when his wife, the former Maude Durbin, his one-time leading woman, leads him captive on pre-Christmas shopping tours. So much does he dislike this inevitable shopping that his revolt against Christmas customs has found expression in his specially coined term, "The great annual swap."

Julia Dean and a lone stranger were the only diners in the long, echoing restaurant of a hotel in the South, where she was playing on a recent Christmas. "I think each was sorry for the other," said Miss Dean. "It was embarrassing, for although we sat across the dining room from each other, the room was so silent and empty that we could hear each other munch."



Bangs

MARGERY PEARSON

Now appearing as Suzette in Sam Bernard's new play "All for the Ladies"

Mabel Taliaferro strikes the optimistic note as to the actor's Christmas. I saw her in a box at the Criterion Theatre last Christmas night, an adoringly admiring baby actor in her lap, while the eyes of both were riveted upon the stage, where the small actors were aping the large, at the Stage Children's Christmas Festival.

"My Christmas is movable," she said cheerily. "It isn't on the twenty-fifth, but on any day when the Stage Children celebrate. I always have a happy time renewing my own Gerry Christmases."

Anna Held bears testimony that if you can beg or borrow a child for that day you can contrive a Christmas semblance. The late Richard Mansfield, being of the same belief, gave a Christmas party to a child member of his company on his private car, while the train bearing his company was speeding between Galveston and New Orleans.

De Wolf Hopper always gives a Christmas party to the child members of his company. When, as in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," there are many children, his content is deep, even with an actor's Christmas.

August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, in the preface to his play, "Countess Julie," says:

"Not long ago they reproached my tragedy, 'The Father,' with being too sad—just as if they wanted merry tragedies. Everybody is clamoring arrogantly for 'the joy of life,' and all theatrical managers are giving orders for farces, as if the joy of life consisted in being silly and picturing all human beings as so many sufferers from St. Vitus's dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles, and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something. And for this reason I have selected an unusual but instructive case.





Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Lady Macbeth



Margaret Anglin, as the Shrew



Ellen Terry, as Queen Katharine



Ristori, as Lady Macbeth



Julia Marlowe, as Viola

## SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN

By MABEL KEIGHTLEY

FROM time immemorial woman has been the inspiration for the masterpieces of genius. Artists have painted her; sculptors have moulded her; poets have sung in praise of her beauty and virtues, but it remained for Shakespeare to cover her with undying glory.

Very little is known of the mother of Shakespeare beyond her lovely name—Mary Arden. In those days little, if any, attention was given to the biographies of women. When one possessing an uncommon intellectual faculty was discovered the sires were hunted up and lauded, when, in truth, it will be found that in almost every case great men have had great mothers. There is a possibility that Mary Arden was an unconscious model for some of Shakespeare's splendid characters, for had she not been one of the most noble and sweetest of women she could never have dowered her son with such superb imagination, supreme passion or lofty quality of soul.

Napoleon said: "A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure."

That Shakespeare voiced this sentiment has been amply proven. He gave to us a magnificent procession of men, nobles, warriors and statesmen, kings and clowns, yet above all reigns his gallery of perfect women. No writer before or since his time has produced a greater number or a more truthful delineation than this master-poet. If he drew bad women, they were fiends incarnate; if good, they were sublime; if they were gay, there was no limit to their humor—the type is ever perfectly drawn. But no matter what type of woman he created, he never forgot she was a woman. For instance, Lady Macbeth, the most terrible of all Shakespearean creations. To satisfy her desire for ambition she did not hesitate to resort to murder, but she cried out:

"Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't."

That one line proves the woman is still within her, and also in her urging another to perform what she herself cannot do. She is Macbeth's evil genius—still she is a woman. She exhorts, reproaches, directs, taunts and inspires him to his awful deed. Still she loves, admires and strengthens him. She is not a sympathetic character—rather splendidly heroic. She never shows weakness, is never off her guard, never murmurs except when dreams torment her, yet suffers the torments of the damned in her remorse, but dies uncomplainingly—true to the last.

Shakespeare drew a great and wonderful character in the voluptuous queen of ancient Egypt—the licentious Cleopatra. He made her fascinating, beautiful and artful; surrounded her with a maze of Oriental splendor, but did not give her qualities sufficient to arouse our compassion.

That the poet plainly preferred to write of the lovely, fresh blossoms of the sex is evidenced by the greater number of sweet,



Ada Rehan, as Portia



Henrietta Crosman, as Rosalind





Julia Marlowe, as Juliet



Edith Wynne Matthison,  
as Hermione



Gladys Hanson, as the Queen in  
"Hamlet"



Mary Anderson, as Juliet



Maude Adams, as Rosalind

innocent and gay young girls. How unfortunate would it have been had he preferred to lay waste his God-given talents in creating only such women as Lady Macbeth, Goneril or Regan! Instead, his eloquent and beautiful feminine characters caused Charles Lamb to write of him:

"Shakespeare seems to have had a peculiar delight in contemplating womanly perfection. For his many sweet images of female excellence all women are in an especial manner bound to love him."

Many novelists and writers insist that women are not sincere or steadfast in their friendship, and are not apt to admire another of their own sex. Shakespeare was not of this opinion. That he believed a true woman appreciates and admires a true woman is shown by Jessica's reply to Lorenzo when he questions:

"How doth thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?"

"Past all expressing—the poor, rude world hath not her fellow."

And as for friendship, Helena says:

"We

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key.

So we grew together

Like a double cherry, seeming parted:

But yet a union in partition:

Two lovely berries molded on one stem."

To go farther: Did not Celia leave her palace home and accompany the exiled Rosalind into the wilderness?

"Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir. . . .

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

Rosalind is a delightful and bewitching character. The gay, swashing, martial exterior, assumed through her Arden wanderings, does not disguise her bright and glorious womanhood; rather, donning doublet and hose as a means of self-defense more exquisitely defines the beauty and delicacy of her nature. Incidentally, it serves a most pleasing avenue for her bubbling mirth, charm and wit.

Viola is another of the gentle sex who disguises herself under masculine attire. She is not unlike the captivating Rosalind. She has not the latter's pretty sauciness, but in her being "caparisoned like a man" she is none the less tender, sweet and charming.

Miranda is one of the bard's most lovely creations. She is as innocent and unconscious of evil as the books, birds and flowers that have been her playthings and companions, else would she have cried out upon seeing Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian and the other castaways:

O! wonder

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world

That hath such people in't!"

And the artless reply to Ferdinand's protestations:

"I do not know

One of my sex: no woman's face remember,



Marie Booth Russell, as  
Lady Macbeth



Modjeska, as Queen Constance





Marie Booth Russell as Goneril



Mrs. Coburn as Portia



Julia Arthur as Juliet



Mrs. Brown-Potter as Cleopatra



Viola Allen as Viola

Save, from my glass, my own; nor have I seen  
More than I may call men, than you, good friend  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of."

Imogen, the stainless, tender, pitiful Imogen! Deprived of bride-

groom, illtreated by an unkind father, abused by a "step-dame false" and domineered by the brutal Cloten, a "noble nothing" as she calls him, and yet never ceases to be the gentle, womanly woman, who remains true to herself whether in her father's court or in the hunter's cave, when princess or servant, and heiress to the throne of Britain, or dispossessed sister to the heir.

As a critic has said: "From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of genius spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. . . . He was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought." The variety of his heroines is remarkable. No two are alike. Hermione is a strong, brave and sweet woman—"tender as infancy and grace." She receives with a rare and beautiful dignity the false accusations of her jealous lord. She bears the cross of shame and humiliation without flinching, and after many years of solitude and ill-deserved sorrow, forgives with all her heart the truly unhappy Leontes.

Desdemona is so perfect, so pure and innocent that she is incapable of suspecting Iago of vile and treacherous dealings, and when dying seeks to hide her husband's crime:

"Emilia: Oh, who hath done this deed?"

"Desdemona: Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell."

Then we have the wise and witty Portia of Belmont and her dignified name-sake, the wife of Brutus; the prankish Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; the peerless Isabel; Katharina, the shrew, and Katharine, consort to the much married Henry VIII—all estimable women in their respective environments.

Katharine of Aragon is among one of

Shakespeare's most noted women. She is less poetical than some other Shakespearean heroine, but she is intelligent, stately and natural. Of herself she says:

"Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;  
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,  
I'll hang my head, and perish."

She is noble and brave. She rebukes the all-powerful Wolsey. Her rivals honor her, and even Henry, who has divorced her, says:

"Thou art, alone—  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—  
The queen of earthly queens."

To the very end she never forgets her dignity or what is due her. "She will not lose her wont of greatness." Her last words are:

"When I am dead  
Let me be used with honor: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,  
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like  
A queen, and daughter of a King, inter me."

For Ophelia we can have only commiseration. She is far from brave, so we cannot honor her. She is a sweet-natured, sensitive, tender maid, but so lacking in heroism and stability as to be almost pitiful. Hamlet loved her—"forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quality of love, make up my sum"—and yet she failed him at the crucial moment; and when she in turn becomes the sufferer her weak brain is overcome.

Except in the matters of youth and innocence one can scarcely associate the unhappy Cordelia with the passionate Juliet, who, through her own deceit and lack of patience, made a tragedy of what might have been a supreme love story, or to confuse with the gay and frolicsome Rosalind, the brilliant Beatrice, "who was born in a happy hour," or the fairy woodland princess, Perdita.



Julia Arthur as Rosalind

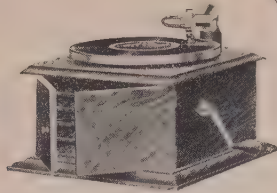
(Continued on page xii)



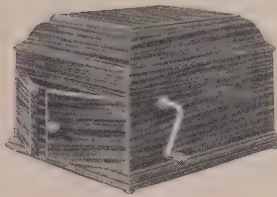
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## The Sailor Dramatist

(Continued from page 176)

scorned it is a sign that the men without vision are in power. Where there is no vision the people perish."

Even in a truly eloquent passage, Masfield writes:

"Worldly empire has always been gluttonous and foolish. It has always been a monstrous sentimental bubble blown out of something dead that was once grand. Man's true empire is not in continents nor over the sea, but within himself, in his own soul. Here in London, where a worldly empire is controlled, there exists no theatre in which the millions can see that other empire."

Nobility, intensity, bravery are the keynotes of Masfield's inner man; he seeks these as the essential marks of democracy, and these elements he introduces into his play, "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great"—a very remarkable achievement inasmuch as he rewrites history with less wit, but with more moral vigor and more immediate application to the present age than Shaw in "Caesar and Cleopatra." In the matter of style, this play exhibits uniqueness—a mannerism which might be an affectation were it not effective and sincere. I mean the dialogue is written in short, terse, crisp statements, with no pauses save those of the period. One other dramatic piece has been done by John Masfield—an adaptation for the Royal Court Theatre of "The Witch"—a piece which was arranged for the New Theatre by Mr. Herman Hagerdorn.

It will be seen, therefore, that while Masfield is one of the most promising figures in present English drama, his output is not large. But everything he has done so far for the theatre is indication of perfect workmanship, of clear, formulated characterization, of essential passion. Boys will tell you, after reading his book "On the Spanish Main," or the "Book of Discoveries," that he has the adventurous enthusiasm of a boy. But whether it is history he is interpreting or conditions he is depicting, the human characteristics are what he strives to bring out. So deeply sincere is Masfield that he does not seem to have preconceived motives for doing things.

This dramatic genius thus far has been tragic. That was very evident to the audiences at Aldwych Theatre who witnessed "Pompey," or those at the London Little Theatre and at Miss Horri-man's performance in Boston last year, who saw "Nan." Here is a man deeply concerned about the real life. The truest commentary we could find on Masfield is his work. In his literary tastes, we hear him discoursing on Yeats, Blake, and John Synge; in his outward ambitions, his interest is ever concerned with the sea: he is ever observant of manhood on the broad seas: that is why he has edited so many voyages for his publishers.

\*"The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays" has been issued by Mitchell Kennerley, New York, and "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" by Sidgwick and Jackson, London.

## Nazimova—The Unknowable

(Continued from page 190)

"I want to show you something."

It was her dressing-room, all in white—rugs, paper, furniture. On the mantelpiece were photographs of Jane Hading, of Bernhardt, and a young protégée, now studying opera. On the table lay a volume of Strindberg. "I love him," she said rapturously. "He utters a great truth when he says: 'Men and women hate each other always in the depths of their hearts. Even when they are madly in love, hate is there, coiled up, sleeping. One day it awakes and springs. Ah, that is so true, so true!'"

She was silent for a moment, preoccupied by her thoughts. Then, all at once throwing off her serious mood, she jumped up:

"Come and see my roof garden." I followed her up a few steps into a room beneath the sky. On an Oriental rug was a set of willow bedroom furniture. Above was an awning, from which an electric light hung down. She turned to me with a smile: "Here I sleep all winter,—I love the open air. Besides, why should I not live on the roof? I am an Oriental, a Jew,—the wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars. They do still in the East."

As I looked over the unoriental vista of New York's irregular sky line, I thought how the poetic will surge up amidst the prosaic—how the racial will persist in spite of alien environment. And then, crouched on the Eastern carpet, with a fresh cigarette between her fingers, she went on telling me of that Oriental Hedda Gabler she was soon to create.

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## A Chinese Fairy Tale

(Continued from page 192)

solve. Fearing that he will guess that too, she resorts to strategy and—unveils her face. At first it seems as though she would succeed, so dazzled and overwhelmed is Kalaf by the beauty and witchery of her face; but, no, Kalaf is still master of his wits and the third riddle, like the first and the second, is solved.

The court is overjoyed; Turandot infuriated. As Altouni descends from his throne to embrace his promised son-in-law, Turandot interrupts by declaring that there must be three new riddles before she will subject herself to this haughty man. Altouni objects, but Kalaf is willing because: "If I cannot touch her heart I will not have her hand." Though the Emperor will at first not hear of a postponement of the marriage, he is finally prevailed upon to accept another compromise to the effect that Turandot must now answer a riddle given her by Kalaf. If she cannot do this within one day, he may have her heart and hand; if she is successful, she may claim his head.

Gertrude Eysoldt, probably the most intellectual and versatile actress in Germany, plays the part of the princess, not as a cold European beauty, but as a capricious little wildcat "capable of pulling feathers out of birds and scratching their breasts."

The plot now becomes a little thin, but music and pantomime help to keep the interest of the audience at a high pitch to the end. The exercise which Kalaf has set for Turandot's mind is no more complex than to find out what his and his father's names may be. From this point, the story is concerned with the various attempts of the princess and her slaves to eke out the necessary information by trickery, cunning, bribery or any other means. While these various schemes and strategies of a mental war are being discussed and followed, the spectator is conducted from one gorgeous room in the Seraglio to another. The last scene of this act takes place in the bed-chamber of Kalaf, where he is visited by several mysterious persons, each of whom is trying in a different way to trap him into telling his name and his father's name. The first is Zelima, who pretends to have come from his father who is a prisoner of the princess, and begs for a signed word from his son, assuring him of his safety and welfare. But Kalaf is too wary for her and she leaves, no wiser. Then comes Truffaldino with the magic wonder-root which he believes will help him to interpret the gestures of the lightly sleeping prince as spelling out the name in a sort of deaf-and-dumb language. Thinking he has found it in this manner, he departs. Hardly has he gone when in comes Adelmia, the Tartar slave, daughter of King Keicobad, who had fallen in love with Kalaf when he had been a fugitive in her father's kingdom. She begs him to flee to safety and to freedom with her, but when he will not hear of such a course of action, tells him that Turandot has bribed the guards at his door to kill him in the night.

In the last act we have the court scene again. Two priests guarding a Chinese idol are at the centre back; the eight worthy doctors are in their places, the Emperor upon his throne, Pantalone and Tartaglia at his side and the soldiers and Brighella keeping order. Turandot and her train enter to the accompaniment of a funeral march, wearing all the insignia of mourning. Proudly and sadly she gives herself up, admitting herself conquered.

Kalaf, believing that Turandot bears only hatred for him, attempts to kill himself, but is interrupted by the princess, who rushes down from her throne, calling with mingled fear and love, "Kalaf, O my Kalaf!"

They look at each other, perplexed and bewildered. "Is it thus you show your pity—that I should live?"

Should live a life bereft of hope and love? Here ends your power. You may kill me, yes, But make me live, for that you have no might."

At his second attempt to kill himself, Turandot throws herself into his arms, crying, "Live Kalaf, live—for me!"

After she has confessed that it was not through her own wisdom, but through the cunning of one of her slaves that she obtained the names after she has been duly forgiven for this play at deceit by Kalaf, she makes her first speech as a converted suffragist directly to the audience:

"To you gallants, now let me say, I love you all, and if you want to show your Happiness, you may applaud my late conversion."



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### Napoleon and the Drama

(Continued from page 182)

woman whom he favored ever exercised an influence in his political affairs or in the distribution of his favors."

When Napoleon returned to Paris after his second triumph in Milan, a number of Italians returned with him as singers at the Royal Opera, and one among them, Guiseppina Grassini, the most famous contralto of her times, returned with the conqueror as his mistress. A beautiful and much fêted woman, she dreamt of possessing the influence of a Mme. de Pompadour and soon after her arrival made manifest this ambition. It was not long, however, before she found herself commanded to remain in political obscurity. Weary of living in suppression, and finding that the first man in the land was really more interested in the state than in her, she sought the romance which her passionate nature demanded by eloping with a young violinist. Upon her return to Paris, twelve years later, though she had broken her contract, "Napoleon, philosopher, did not reproach her, but reinstated her in her former position at the Opera." After the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington "acquired Mme. Grassini as he did many other objects of art and beauty which belonged to the Emperor."

Napoleon's favorite among the actresses and certainly the one who stood in his good grace the longest, was Josephine George Weimer, a girl who startled all Paris by appearing in the most difficult tragic rôles at the age of fifteen. Whatever she may have lacked in maturity of understanding and power of interpretation, she made up in statuesque beauty and feminine charm. The Consul (for this was before 1804) often had her visit at St. Cloud, playing and romping with her there like a child. His biographers say that he was never more human, more boyish and joyous than in her presence. He was often heard to laugh heartily at her amusing prattle and once was discovered with a garland of white roses she had been wearing in a play, wound about his head.

"Am I not beautiful?" he cried. "I look like a fly in the milk."

Confronted by the prospects of a separation through a projected expedition to England, she and her lover waxed very sad and serious. Sitting down on the floor together, they discussed the matter from every viewpoint, finding no consolation until Napoleon was inspired to suggest a little purse of 40,000 fr. There was some solace in that.


At the height of her power and fame, she, too, broke her contract, fleeing to Russia with a more amorous lover, and again Napoleon showed his magnanimity by reinstating her at the Comédie Française and commanding that she be paid her full salary for the five years of her absence. She, in turn, to show her gratitude, remained faithful to the Emperor when he was exiled to Elba and procured for him some very important papers. At this time she was one of a very few members of the company of the Théâtre Français who refused to play for the Bourbon court, and after Waterloo, she chose to leave the country rather than play for the enemies of her patron who had been her first love. Jerome secured for her the tiny pension of 2,000 fr. a year, and when she died in want and obscurity at the age of seventy-eight, Napoleon's nephew paid for her funeral and brought her the last tribute from the Bonapartes.

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**THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT**, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

**W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City**

### The Deadly Cabaret

(Continued from page 184)

jade (the cabaret): the sort of cousinship there is between the woman of the streets and the favorite of a king. Moe would not go to the joints, so the joints are brought to Moe."

Where the cabaret shows are not patently vulgar, where they are not suggestive, they are plainly stupid. Here is the plain, frank, unvarnished, ungarnished program at one of the best known of the cabaret restaurants as delivered from eleven thirty to twelve thirty on the night of October 9:

SONG (woman vocalist): "The Rosary."

SONG (woman vocalist): "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets."

SONG (male vocalist): "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

BANJO SELECTION (male performer): "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

DANCE (man and woman): Species: Turkey Trot.

SONG (woman vocalist): "I Love My Wife, But O You Kid."

SONG (male vocalist): "The Merry Widow Waltz Song."

SONG (woman vocalist): "Way Down in Dixie-Land."

Now, ladies and gentlemen and cabaret operators, I ask you: Could there be a program of keener stupidity and antiquity? Could you, in the cheapest of vaudeville places, encounter such another? Songs with the moss of ages on them creaked out of asthmatic throats and accompanied by the waiter's: "Don't youse want to order nothing more to drink?" Where is the gayety here; where the "revelry" and "life"?

So much for the shows. They will die of their own dullness, their own vacuity. As for the spectators, the majority of them are lecherous, lickerish old men and grinning, evil-eyed, lubrical young ones and the overdressed demi-monde of the West Forties. At the average cabaret show, the antics, the speech, the movements, attitudes and whisperings, the looks and the glances of this worthy crew are in fine accord with the spirit of the whole pandering, seeking, sensual thing. A good place to take the wife, the daughter, the man and wife from out of town! A fine place to take a respectable companion for an after-theatre bit of supper! The tables being placed indecently close, one will frequently have to raise the voice to hide from the ears of one's associate the choice smut of the half-drunken party at the next table. One will frequently have to point out to one's wife something in the other corner of the room in order to divert her attention from something going on at a table in her direct range of vision. Were a restaurant still a place where one went to eat and drink in normal fashion, would such be the case? Has not the faked-up "life" of the cabaret caused this imitation, but just as foul, suggestive by-play to squirm into the hitherto sanitary eating places? Has not this sort of thing, moreover, been encouraged by the cabaret purveyors so that more drinks will be bought and so that the lure of "the atmosphere of Paris" (sad, aborted phrase) may draw extra suckers into the money-spending net?

I think so.

I think, too, that the years of the cabaret are numbered and that even now, on the far horizon, there shows a faint streak of pink that heralds the coming of a fair, clear day when one may again enter a restaurant and get something to eat without being insulted by brazen females hired by the management, and by brazen females and brazen males not hired by the management, who have been led to imagine that they are Parisian boulevardiers just because they order (and pronounce) a dash of absanthe in their cocktails, French-fried potatoes with their filay meenyon, French dressing on their salad and fromaj day Bree with their demi-tassy.

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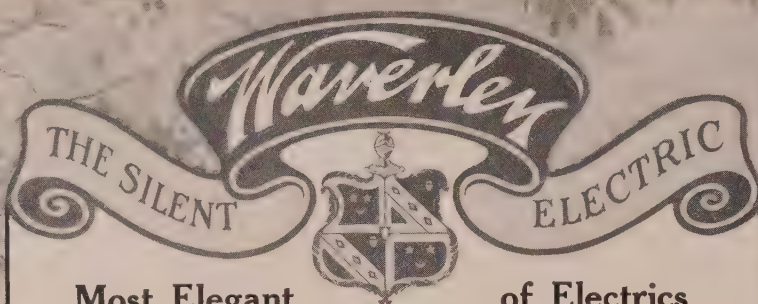
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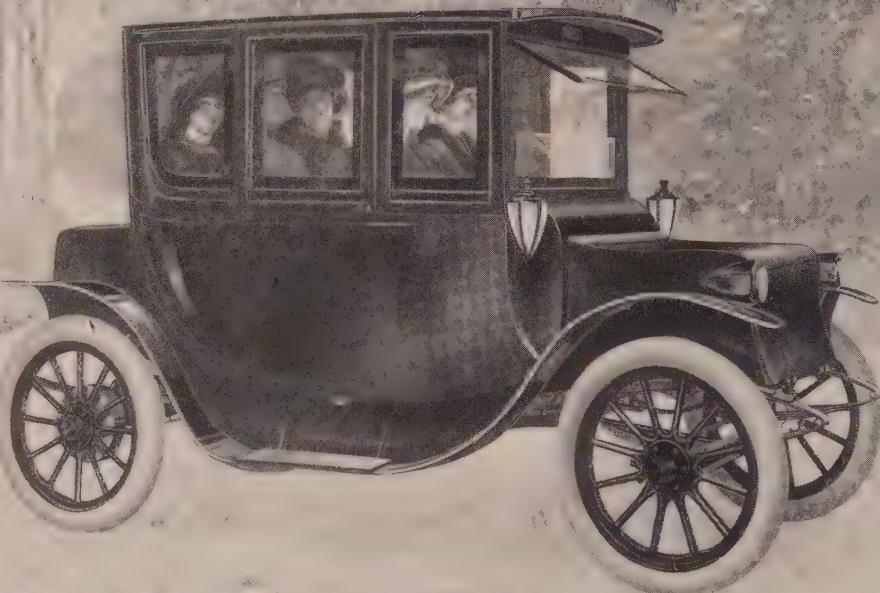
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## An Evening at Madame Rachel's

(Continued from page 168)

owing to the urgent interference of her sister that she had been forgiven and been allowed to retain her place at the table.

Rachel (answering to her German scolding): Leave me in peace, I want to speak about my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make punch in one of these pewter spoons. I held the spoon over the light and it melted in my hand. By the way, Sophie, give me the kirsch: we will make some punch. Ouf . . . I am through: I have eaten enough. (The cook brings a bottle.)

The Mother: Sophie is mistaken. That is a bottle of absinthe.

I: Give me a drop.

Rachel: Oh, how glad I would be if you would take something with us.

The Mother: Absinthe is supposed to be very healthy.

I: Not at all. It is unhealthy and detestable.

Sarah: Why do you want to drink some, then?

I: In order to be able to say that I have partaken of your hospitality.

Rachel: I want to drink also. (She pours out absinthe into a tumbler and drinks. A silver bowl is brought to her, in which she puts sugar and kirsch; then she lights her punch and lets it flame up.) I love this blue flame.

I: It is much prettier if there is no candle burning.

Rachel: Sophie, take the candles away.

The Mother: What ideas you have! Nothing of the kind will be done.

Rachel: It is unbearable. . . . Pardon me, Mamma, you dear, good one. . . . (She embraces her.) But I would like that Sophie takes the candles away.

A gentleman takes both candles and puts them under the table—twilight effect. The mother, who in the light of the flame from the punch appears now green, now blue, fixes her eyes upon me and watches every one of my movements. The candles are brought up again.

A Flatterer: Mademoiselle Rebut did not look well this evening.

I: You demand a great deal. I think she is very pretty.

A Second Flatterer: She lacks *esprit*.

Rachel: Why do you talk like that? She is not stupid, like many others, and besides she has a good heart. Leave her in peace. I do not want my colleagues to be talked about in this manner.

The punch is ready, Rachel fills the glasses and distributes them. The remainder of the punch she pours into a soup-plate and commences to take it with a spoon. Then she takes my cane, pulls out the dagger which is in it and commences to pick her teeth with the point of it.

Now there is an end of this gossip and this childlike talk. A word is sufficient to change the whole atmosphere of the evening, and what follows is consecrated with the power of Art.

I: When you read the letter this evening you were very much moved.

Rachel: Yes, I felt as if something was breaking within me, and in spite of all I do not like this piece very much (Tancred). It is untrue.

I: You prefer the pieces of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel: I like Corneille well enough, although he is flat occasionally and sometimes too pompous. All that is not true.

I: Eh, eh! Mademoiselle, slowly, slowly!

Rachel: For instance, see, when in "Horace" Sabine says, "One can change the lover, not the husband"—well, I don't like that; that is common.

I: At least you will admit that that is true.

Rachel: Yes, but is it worthy of Corneille? There I prefer Racine. I adore him. Everything that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

I: As we are just speaking about Racine, do you remember that some time ago you received an anonymous letter in which some hints were given to you in reference to the last scene of "Mithridate"?

Rachel: Certainly. I followed the advice, and since then I have a tremendous amount of applause in this scene. Do you know the person who wrote me that?

I: Very well. It is a woman who is the happy possessor of the most brilliant mind and the smallest foot in Paris—which rôle are you studying now?

Rachel: This summer we shall play "Maria Stuart," and then "Polyeucte," and maybe . . .

I: What?

Rachel (beating the table with her fist): Listen, I want to play "Phèdre." It is said I

(Continued on page xv)



## Where Operatic Reputations

(Continued from page 173)

tribute to his immense powers and his sturdy character, which won him the loftiest final judgment of all).

Bonci, 1897, "I Puritani," Feb. 18 (*Buonissimo*).

Pinkert, 1897, the same night (*Buonissimo*).

Scotti, 1899, February 9, "Les Huguenots" (*Buonissimo*).

Caruso, 1900, December 26, "La Bohème" (*Buono*).

Zenatello, 1902, December 22, "The Damnation of Faust" (*Ottimo*).

And so they have come and gone, thousands of men and thousands of women, since 1778, some of them more brave than clever, but all of them willing to be offered to the fearful consideration of some dark-eyed, melancholy man who held the baton in the orchestra. To put them through their paces before this autocrat of the playhouse, there are upon the pay-list of the treasurer of La Scala more than 900 persons, from the monarch down; and it is the latest of these despots, Arturo Toscanini, whom now America has taken.

But even that mighty Director is no king to the world behind his back. Let him once turn his head away from the stage before him, and his power is gone. He who can send the most muscular bass-drummer home to his quaking family in a rage of guilty fear, may have to turn and run before the mandate of the terrible critics in the gallery far above his head. There they sit in judgment on him, lolling back between acts and arguing noisily, or straining forward during the performance of the opera, sprawling on one another's backs in their keen desire to see and hear. There have been times when a single jeer from there has wrecked a well-meant effort at staging a new work; and the time was not so very long ago when an unpopular Director was driven off his rostrum and out of the service of the house forever, and the curtain rung down on a half-done night, and an audience sent complaining to its homes, by just that quick and deadly disapproval.

"Ma! but that is a *bella voce*!" you can hear them whisper, huddled together into an apparently inextricable and certainly indistinguishable mass of human interest, their bodies lax and inert, their minds all on the music.

"*Si, si, si, si*!" comes chorusing from the heap, piled in the last far corner of the loft. "She will put Italy into her pocket and take it away to *Nuovo York*."

"*Dio mio!*" you hear in half a dozen places all at once, "*I Americani!*"

The pit is sometimes unreasonable. As early as 1793, according to the records, the audiences were troublesome. Some of them demanded too many encores. Others would not let the performance go on after an interruption caused by some singer particularly capable of arousing hostility. Whistles, hisses, groans, shouts, yells and noises with the feet were specifically named and itemized as offenses against the dignity of the Most Serene Archduke in a manifesto issued prior to 1800. In later days, when seats on the floor cost from \$2.50 to \$6 each, there is in effect a process of natural selection which eliminates certain elements from the case.

At the ends of the acts every man in the house jumps to his feet and begins a review of the house through his glasses, in approved European fashion. There is an excellent café in the lobby where champagne is served between acts, or where you could go and write a letter home if you wished and the music did not interest you.

But after all, it is less the audience than the singers that count in La Scala, and there you do not see them as they truly are. There is a very famous restaurant in a side street not far from that dusty *porte-cochère* which has been the patient and immovable object of contempt for more than a century. After the performance, while you are sipping your chianti or your black coffee there, in waiting, they begin coming, first the chorus men, and then some of the chorus women, though in smaller numbers, and afterwards a dozen of the lesser singers themselves. There is plenty of material to keep up the conversation. "It is my last night, *caro amico*," insists a weather-worn soprano, stirring her potion listlessly. "I shall never sing again. What can you do when everyone is jealous of you!"

"*Ecco!*" responds her companion, with non-committal emphasis. He hears it every night and it does not hamper his enjoyment of the evening paper which he always brings for this last hour of his day. She continues while he reads, and presently the mere talk rests her and she is commenting with hopeful vivacity on the



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advertisements at the back of the journal he holds between them.

"Cameriere! By Bacchus I swear you have eaten that omelet yourself!" roars a full-chested basso from his corner, and sits down again, hammering the iron table with his fists.

"Listen, amico mio," declared a fragile little tenor, grasping the buttons on his neighbor's coat and drawing himself up by them to be better heard, "Listen, I will kill that man. I will kill him. I will crush him between my hands for getting in front of me on the stage. My soul hates blood, but it will laugh at his."

"Va bene," laughs the other, shaking off the little fellow. "Here he comes!"

Perhaps a little to your amazement, nothing more serious happens than a handshake all around, and the three finding a corner of their own from which is presently heard the friendly row made by men of all nations upon the question of who shall pay for their drinks. Among them all there is the stale, unshaven paleness of the player's after-hour. There is much smoking of cigarettes, and then with the busy night already on the wane, they straggle out and go chattering home to bed. Meantime the principals have gone their own ways. Some of them are loitering over their more than midnight suppers. One has swept compellingly into an early-morning restaurant, a rôle she loves above all others, and has sent the waiters galloping on a score of magnificent orders. Others are talking themselves over with the newspaper men and the resident correspondents of the music journals who are, in Milan, the "Washington representatives" of their special press.

Halfway home you will hear a cheering in a near-by square, and, crossing through the empty streets, will find in front of some big and all but protesting apartment house a crowd of the admirers of the *prima donna* of the evening, sending up frantic acclaim to her windows, and dragging to the doors the towering flower pieces which were given her on the stage.

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## Shakespeare's Women

(Continued from page 200)

Sorrow and suffering instead of love and passion, fun and frolic, freedom, and the wood, is Cordelia's lot. Her simple truthfulness leads to her being set adrift from her father's house. Falling into the weakness of age, Lear's fondness for love and flattery is hard to appease. Goneril and Regan with the extravagant and honeyed words satisfy his fond and jealous heart, but when the honest, affectionate Cordelia says she will love him as much as she ought, and when she is married she will "divide her love, her duty and her care," the unseeing Lear cries out: "So young and so untender!" To which she replies:

"So young, my lord, and true." Enraged, her kindly father screams wrathfully:

"Thy truth then be thy dower!"

No more is heard of the gentle Cordelia until she returns to England with the French army to succor and aid her father in his extremity,—the father who banished her with his curse.

Tremendous, beautiful, yet how sad is the tragedy of "Lear!" The sublime beauty of this young girl—delicate, frail and tender, still possessing an unconquerable power of endurance, the will to do what is right! How it pulls and tears at the heartstrings when the old King, shorn of his power and glory, comes forth from his cell with his dead Cordelia in his trembling arms—boasting of what he has done—little realizing that the fragile flower has gone from him forever. And when he knows the lovely, noble, truthful one is gone, he cries out in the agony of his despair:

"Why should a horse, a dog, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?"

There are many other beautiful and splendid women in Shakespeare's wonderful gallery. Sweet, kind and brave women who bear their trials and misfortunes without murmur or flinching, and forgive without grudge or parley.

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"William Shakespeare was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the dead—the treasures of the rarest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the statues, pictures, robes and gems of thought. He was the greatest man that ever touched this grain of sand and tears we call the world."



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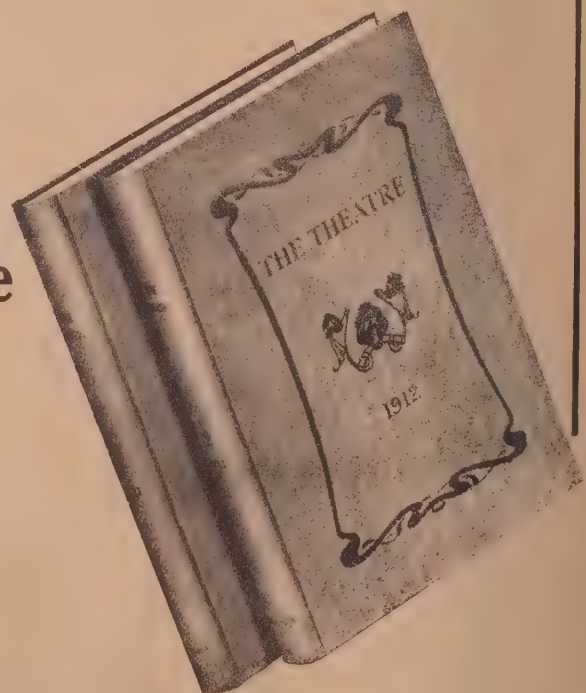
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## An Evening at Madame Rachel's

(Continued from page 2)

am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other stupidities of that kind. But I answer, it is the most beautiful part written by Racine, and I shall play it.

Sarah: That would probably not be right, Rachel.

Rachel: Leave me in peace! They think I am too young, the part is not appropriate. By Heaven, when I am playing Roxane I have said quite different things, and what do I care about that? And if they say that I am too thin, then I consider that a stupidity. A woman who is filled with a criminal love, and who would rather die than submit to it, a woman who is consuming herself in the fire of her passion, of her tears,—such a woman cannot have a bosom like the Paradol; that would be absurd. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I do not know how I am going to play it, but I can tell you this: I feel the part. The papers can write what they please. They will not spoil it for me. They do not know what to bring up against me, in order to harm me instead of helping and encouraging me; but if there is no other way out of it I shall play it to only four persons. (Turning to me) Yes, I have read many candid and conscientious criticisms, and I know of nothing better, nothing more useful; but there are many people who are using their pens in order to lie, in order to destroy. They are worse than thieves and murderers. They kill the intellect with pin-pricks. Really, if I could I would poison them!

The Mother: Dear child, you do not stop talking; you are making yourself tired. You were on your feet at six o'clock this morning; I don't know what was the matter with you. You've been gossiping all day. And you even played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (full of liveliness): No, let me be. I tell you, no. I call this life. (Turning to me) Shall I fetch the book? We will read the play together.

I: You attempt to ask? You cannot make me a pleasanter proposition.

Sarah: But, dear Rachel, it is half-past eleven.

Rachel: Who hinders you from going to sleep?

Sarah actually goes to bed; Rachel rises and goes out, and on returning holds in her hands the volume of Racine. Her expression and her walk have something festive and sacred about it. She walks like a priestess, carrying the holy vessels, approaches the altar. She sits down next to me and snuffs the candle; the mother falls asleep smilingly.

Rachel (opening the book with special reverence and leaning over it): How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book I could forget to eat and to drink for two days and two nights.

Rachel and I begin to read Phèdre. The book lies open between us on the table. All the others go away. Rachel bows to each one as they depart, with a slight nod of the head, and continues in her reading. At first she reads in a monotonous tone, as if it were a litany; by and by she becomes more animated; we exchange our ideas and our observations about each passage. Finally she arrives at the explanation. She stretches out her right arm on the table, resting it on her elbow, the forehead in her left hand. She lets herself be carried away by the contents of the passage; at the same time she speaks in a half-lowered voice. Suddenly her eyes flash, the genius of Racine lights up her features, she pales, she blushes. Never have I seen anything more beautiful, anything more moving; nor did she ever make such a deep impression on me in the theatre.

So the time passes until half-past twelve. The father returns from the opera, where he had seen the Nathan appear for the first time in "The Jewess." No sooner had he sat down than he ordered his daughter in brusque words to stop her declamation. Rachel closes the book and says:

"It is revolting. I am going to buy myself a light, and will read alone in bed."

I looked at her, big tears filled her eyes.

It was really shocking to see such a creature treated in this way. I rose to go, filled with admiration, respect and sympathy.

Having arrived at home, I hurry to put down the details of this memorable evening with the faithfulness of a stenographer for you, in the expectation that you will keep it, and that one day it will be found again.

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## The Opera Season Opens

(Continued from page 167)

des Arts as a ballet. Mr. Damrosch gave its first performance in America, and he won his hearers' hearts and ears completely. The opening episode of the "Sleeping Beauty" is fascinating, but is eclipsed by the next incident of "Hop o' My Thumb." Then comes the strange tale of the "Empress of the Statuettes," followed by the ingratiating "Beauty and the Beast," and all ending with "The Fairy Garden." The music is charged with imagination of the highest poetic order, the orchestration is very novel and the audience applauded delightedly and demanded repetitions of some. At this concert the soloist was Maggie Teyte, English soprano of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. She sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete" in a listless manner, but then she sang a group of French songs in which she more than redeemed herself—particularly in Duparc's "Extase," which was beautifully sung and most sympathetically accompanied by Walter Damrosch at the piano.

Æolian Hall had been inaugurated several days earlier by a piano recital given by a Hungarian pianist, Gottfried Galston, who has been active in Munich, and is making his first American tour. Galston has great technical equipment, and at times showed that he possessed good, round tone. But for the most part his playing was dry, pedantic and uninteresting in its lack of sentiment.

Marcella Sembrich, wonderful artist, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall after an absence of a year abroad. She taxed the capacity of the hall, and when she appeared was greeted by a reception that proved without any doubt the tremendous esteem in which she is still held by the concert-going public here. Another demonstration was after the second group of songs, when the ushers were all transformed into flower pages and carried masses of flowers down the aisle, completely covering the grand piano and converting it into a bower. Sembrich had deserved all this. She sang, for instance, two of Schumann's "Brautlieder" in a manner that not even veteran concert-goers can recall having heard from any other Lieder singer. Schumann, Brahms, Franz and Cornelius were the only composers on her programme, but she provided variety a-plenty by her artistic interpretations. Frank LaForge played admirable accompaniments.

Another wonderful recital was given by Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, who also has been absent from America one season. His art and his tone have grown in his absence, for while he was always possessed of an extraordinarily beautiful, lush tone, it seems actually to have grown more lovely. It is warm and round, is noble in its sentiment. Elman is a great player, one of the forces in a battle royal of violinists which is to be fought out this season, as Ysaye, Kreisler and Zimbalist are all to appear in the concert arena here.

So the music season has just begun, but it is already brimful of interest and there is much more to come.

## THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 164)

argues the proposition that there is one code of morals for men and another for women with much humor and distinction.

CRITERION. "BACHELORS AND BENEDICTS." Comedy in three acts by Jackson D. Haag and James Montgomery. Produced on November 2d.

"Bachelors and Benedicts" was pretty sad, and why any theatrical manager could have imagined a metropolitan career for it is one of those things difficult to explain. A bachelor marries. The four cronies of his days of freedom, marvellous specimens of atrocious manners, proceed to comfort themselves in a way not calculated to make them popular with the wife. The newlyweds quarrel, the note of jealousy is touched because of a mysterious girl, who in the end is no mystery at all. They part, but, of course, the reconciliation is finally brought about and the majority of the matrimonial scuffers fall victims to the system. Some of the dialogue was slangily bright, and the widow, with a well-defined plan of action, was cleverly drawn and capably acted by Grace Goodall.

DALY'S. "THE POINT OF VIEW." Play in four acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on October 25th.

"The Point of View" exhibited an amount of uniformly good acting that was much better



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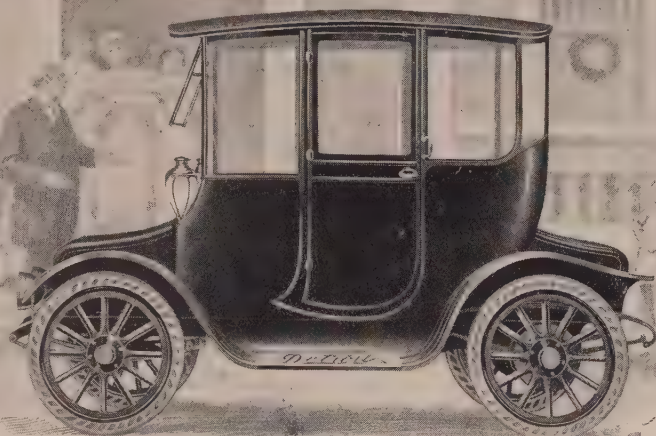
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than the play as a whole. If a girl, engaged to one man, goes wrong with another, and refuses to marry him because she thinks he does not really love her, but is acting under a sense of duty, that is really her own affair. She is entitled to her point of view, and that ends it. It is really a tame ending to a storm of emotional experiences.

**BROADWAY.** "THE DOVE OF PEACE." Comic opera in three acts by Wallace Irwin and Walter Damrosch. Produced on November 4th.

"The Dove of Peace" is foolishly, or, perhaps better said, inefficiently, fantastic. The libretto is no worse than the common run of what is used for the purpose of giving occasion for song and dance and the devices of stage-managers. It is saved from utter stupidity by glitter and color and the expenditure of those energies that go into all comic operas. Alice Yorke, Jessie Bradbury and Henrietta Wakefield, Arthur Deagan, Frank Pollock and Thomas Hardie were the principals in the singing.

**WALLACK'S.** "OUR WIVES." Comedy in three acts (from the German) by Helen Krafft and Frank Mandel. Produced on November 4th.

Through a tedious, trite and slow-moving first act we learn in this play that three members of a congenial quartette of bachelors are about to be carried off by matrimony, and that the fourth, the sole survivor, is a librettist in search of a collaborator. Deciding, finally, that he will have none other to compose the music for his words than the originator of certain melodies haunting his memory, he traces them to their source, only to find, to his disappointment, that they are the products of a charming young person, but—a woman. He asks her to collaborate with him, but makes a contract by which each agrees to ignore the sex of the other.

Henry Kolker, whose splendid voice and good delivery are always a delight, acts the part of the librettist with much finish, although he does take himself and his rôle too seriously. Pamela Gaythorne, as Wilson, the sexless melody-maker, makes the most of a shadowy and conventional rôle.

**HARRIS.** "A RICH MAN'S SON." Comedy in three acts by James Forbes. Produced on November 4th.

Mr. Forbes in this play is not so felicitous as in his other popular piece, "The Traveling Salesman." The story is somewhat trite. In short, it is a slipshod play. A rich father plans that his son shall marry for social position. He has selected for him a silly but amiable girl for whom the son can find no liking. The boy is also to give up his idle life and go to work in the business office of the father's establishment. He accepts the conditions and promptly falls in love with the stenographer, who refuses, out of a sense of propriety, to encourage him. Upon discovering his son's love for the stenographer, the father discharges the girl. She refuses to elope with the impetuous young man, and when she is about to be sent off in the automobile he takes the place of the chauffeur. Arrived at the hotel, he registers, without her knowledge and without design to compromise her, in a way, that leads to complications. Father and mother follow the supposed elopers.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE." Play in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced October 28th.

A play whose theme is the safeguarding of virtue may not gain wide popularity in competition with the trivial and the theatric, but this piece, with its simplicity and good aim, should hold its own and prosper by reason of its distinctive qualities. The title of Mr. Hamilton's play is not a good one, for it would seem to imply a reproach to ignorance of vice. The announcement that its lesson is that the young should be taught, in public and private training, the nature of the sexual relation, is also not well taken. The play is not as big as that or as absurd as that. And yet it is not a little play, for it handles with absolute thoroughness, without offense and with sincerity, an accident in the life of youth, and teaches a truth of universal application. If the play preached in a didactic way, and if its action simply moralized, it would not be worth the while, but it is full of domestic tenderness, comedy, genuine feeling and the dramatic.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." Comedy in four acts by Oliver Goldsmith. Revived on November 11th.

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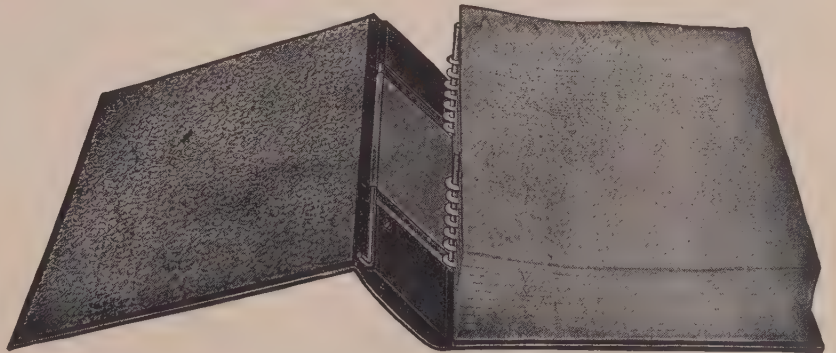
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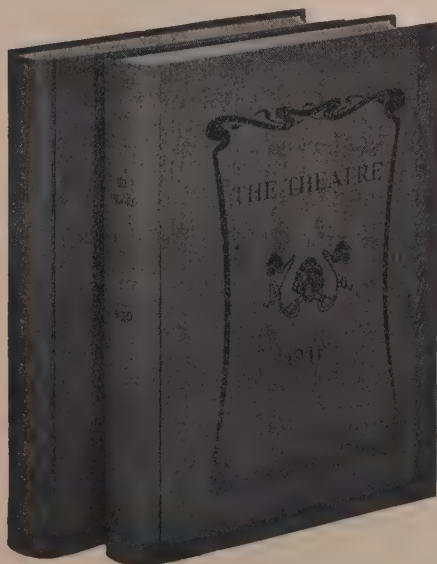
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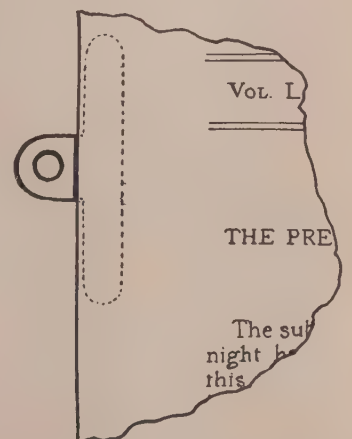
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morals and doubtful theories. No apologies have to be offered for "She Stoops to Conquer." If Goldsmith's piece is a bit old fashioned, it is itself an unanswerable plea for old-fashioned things. It has scenes that are unfailingly entertaining. Certainly much depends upon the people who play in it, and in this production the amiable sweetness of Annie Russell and the harmless and boisterous rudeness of George Giddens give a personal flavor of distinction to Kate Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin. Frank Reicher, too, as Young Marlow, effectively carries the impudence and finally the soundness of character of the young scapegrace that have made the part so popular with actors and audiences for more than a century.

**PARK.** "THE GYPSY." Romantic operetta in two acts by Pixley and Luders. Produced on November 14th.

This new piece by Messrs. Pixley and Luders is entirely conventional in treatment and plot, the story dealing with the substitution of children at birth. Mr. Luder's music is tuneful, but a somewhat threadbare plot is sandwiched among a lot of songs, dances and specialties and dubious stage humor. In a word, a mild, innocuous stage entertainment that can do no one any harm.

**LITTLE.** "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS." Dramatized from the story by the Brothers Grimm by Jessie Graham White. Produced on November 7th.

This, of course, is the familiar fairy tale dramatized from the Brothers Grimm by Jessie Graham White. The play, which makes a special appeal to children, was staged under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames by George Foster Platt. The special music of a simple nature is by Edmund Rickett, the composer of the music for two of the London Christmas pantomimes. All the characters of the famous story—the little princess who goes a-housekeeping for the seven dwarfs, the wicked queen and her magic mirror, the old witch, the young prince, etc., etc., are there to delight the youngsters.

**GAIETY.** "C. O. D." Farce in four acts by Frederic Chapin. Produced on November 11th.

A weirdly rural and impossible play is Mr. Frederic Chapin's new American farce, "C. O. D.," but with plenty of amusement in it for those who do not question themselves as to the causes of their laughter. Its improbable story is consistent enough, but made up of odds and ends. Some of the situations have all the manner of French farce, but on the whole the play is thoroughly American after a fashion. Certainly Hiram Jones, the farmer, with his chin whiskers, flourishes, if he flourishes at all, in remote regions in this country.

**EMPIRE.** "BELLA DONNA." Play in four acts, adapted from the novel by Robert Hichens, by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on November 11th.

Because a book has been a best-seller is no evidence that a play made from it will sell well at the box office. "Bella Donna" is such a case. In a book the novelist may use up reams of paper covered with flowery, even poetical, argument why his heroine or hero should enlist the reader's sympathy. But when these selfsame people are translated from the novel to the stage they have a trick of realizing themselves in unexpected development. If the heartstrings are to be wrung by a gloomy drab story, it can only be done when the object of the story makes a human appeal. Who cares what happens to "Bella Donna"? Where is your appeal? Where is the unwritten law of compensation satisfied? Then, where is the play? Many people have no doubt read Mr. Hichens's book. The play follows it with tolerable fidelity, and it must be said that Mr. Fagan has done his work well. The best that may be said for it is that it is a somewhat picturesque but gloomy melodrama. It is splendidly staged and Nazimova's costumes are wonderful.

**FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE.** "NEVER SAY DIE." Play in three acts by W. H. Post and William Collier. Produced on November 12th.

As a hypochondriac, given up by himself and his physicians, Mr. Collier chills the audience for one whole act with the humor of his gloom, but, fortunately for all concerned, warms them up again in the two subsequent acts, during which he passes through all the predicaments possible when a man has promised to die within a year so that his wealthy widow may marry his friend, a good-for-nothing artist—and can't. He tries all the sure deaths from cocktails to black Havanas, and finally decides to get a divorce to live up to his contract, but is spared the trouble by the discovery that he and his wife prefer to remain married.



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## FADS AND FANCIES IN FASHION'S REALM

**S**HOPPING, the diverting pastime of the majority of women at any season, becomes a positive obsession as the Christmas holidays draw near. The

spirit of buying and giving impregnates the air long before the Thanksgiving turkey has played his stellar rôle. The lure of the shops enters into the soul of every truly feminine woman; it is too subtle, too insidious to be resisted even by the wary. It is not merely before the counters where pretty fancy articles are attractively displayed that the throngs of shoppers congregate, but in the departments where articles of apparel are displayed. Each little woman with a love of the beautiful delights in the gift of something to wear, something to enhance her charms, be it a piece of jewelry, becoming furs or a hat. Such a gift is sure of a much warmer welcome than the book, which she has probably read, the flowers which will quickly fade, or the picture which doesn't fit into the decorative scheme of her house. All fear lest the gift be considered too personal has long since vanished; this is an intimate age, our friends know our likes and dislikes, our wants and our bank accounts. Blessed are they who give as we would receive.

How much more sensible it is to give the friend who is longing for a new opera wrap, such a gift, rather than a piece of jewelry which she doesn't need, and perhaps would not fancy. Even the woman with a well-stocked wardrobe could not resist an evening wrap on the order of the one shown in the illustration. This is

an imported model, but there are hundreds of similar ones shown in the shops. The color is the latest on the color chart—in fact, it is so very recent that it has not

been tabulated by its new title. The "Nell rose" tint is one of the rich American beauty tones and was selected by Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson as the color she would prefer to bear her name. As Miss Wilson is an artist her selection was a clever one, which she made personally, and its brilliancy and beauty will undoubtedly make it a popular one. A stunning wrap in this vivid tone of velvet, which was recently shown, would make an ideal present for that lucky individual, the true blonde. It was a simple cloak, skilfully draped and trimmed with chenille fringe fully eighteen inches long. All in the one coloring with graceful, becoming lines it caught every eye, dancing with envy, and held it fascinated.

Quite as effective and wonderfully smart are the new brocade wraps. The entire garment may be fashioned from this delectable, supple material, softly draped to the side opening and perhaps enhanced with fur, or it may be combined with velours or velvet, as is shown in the photograph. It is



*No. 2. This gown of cream colored chiffon embroidered in gold sequins and crystal beads, is given the newest touch by the drapery of burnt orange shading to a soft yellow. A cord of the beads is twisted through the belt, appearing in a loose, soft rosette of the shaded chiffon.*

almost sure to be trimmed with fur, for the touch of fur is the hallmark of this season. It is everywhere from the flimsy frock of chiffon to the heavy top coat of a shaggy fabric. While sable is the most choice fur, ermine is this year a serious rival, and moleskin has the charm of novelty to enhance it. White and blue fox



are very much in demand, also seal and skunk. Bands of the white unspotted ermine were used to distinguish the wrap illustrated with the tails as a bit of decoration. Caught by a Catochon.

One of the most eagerly sought gifts this Christmas is sure to be that of furs. Never has the craze for furs been as widespread as this year. It is a very modest little woman who will be satisfied with one set, or even one fur coat. There must be the coat for the motor, tigerskin if you would be right up to the minute, leopard skin or racoon. These coats are not by any means cheap fancies. For a long coat of leopard skin with collar and cuffs of the popular civet cat \$225 is asked, but the coat is so well marked, so very well cut and so awfully stylish that it is well worth it. If you would have the wolverine collar and cuffs—a fur which is very much in favor this year—the coat will cost you \$295. To top it there are the most fetching hats of leopard skin. These hats are deliciously soft so that they can be crushed and pulled down as one would wish. A similar one in civet cat, which is so wonderfully effective, costs \$24.95, and when worn with stole and muff of the same fur it is positively irresistible.

For the street there are smart-looking coats of seal, caracul and moleskin. One of the smartest coats of moleskin costing \$500 has the strips of the fur arranged to give the much desired draped effect. Some of these coats boast a collar of ermine, others have the collar of the same fur. A good moleskin coat ranges in price from \$250 upward, but how is one to be well dressed without one this winter?

The moleskin sets are sure to be down on every Christmas list. There is the widest diversity in these sets from the trig little tie

with its jaunty ends to the long graceful Empire scarves which are carelessly draped over the shoulders with that abandon which is the despair of the uninitiated. One of the most becoming styles is the stole with the long draped ends to be worn with the new draped muffs. In one of the new sets the moleskin was cleverly combined with the ermine, which appeared as an edge. On another collar of moleskin the ermine was introduced as revers, with just an edge of it appearing at the neck. On the muff the ermine and moleskin were again blended.

#### EFFECTIVE NECK FIXINGS.

The fluffy, frilly neck fixings share the popularity of the fur sets. There are days, many days, when the collarette of marabout or ostrich is more comfortable than that of fur, hugging closely the neck. Where could you find a daintier or prettier gift for \$5 than a collar of marabout in one of the lovely soft colorings, pink,

blue or lavender, combined with satin, the ends softened with an edge of ostrich. To give it just the right finishing touch it would be well to add a dollar more and buy a pretty cluster of shaded crêpy flowers to nestle amongst the marabout at the neck fastening. The collarettes of fur or ostrich combined with the satin are of course more expensive, but some very fetching ones can be secured for fifteen dollars.

For the woman who has everything, a bit of neckwear is always appropriate, for one can never have too many of these dainty fixings to freshen up an old frock. There are such pretty designs in the delicate shadow laces. One novel idea showed a vest effect of net with tiny buttons and edged on either side by deep falls of the lace. This handsome pièce, quite elaborate enough to dress up the entire front of a blouse, was attached to a stock of the lace with discreet touches of the black velvet. Neckwear of this type can be bought for \$8.50. For \$1.75 there are all manner of Robespierre collars in net simply embroidered or hemstitched with jabots of platings. For every-day usage these collars are very desirable. For the morning also the severe stocks of black and white for \$1.75 are wonderfully good to look upon, neat and trig, and not too mannish to lack the feminine touch.

The wise woman delights in the little fixings, the saucy little bows which add such distinction. The price of these trifles is a mere nothing, but they will be most acceptable for the Christmas stocking. Take, for instance, the sets of four little ribbon bows with the tiny flowers of a contrasting tone in the center which sell for sixty-five cents, or the straight, small pump bows in queer artistic colorings with fancy buckles.

#### THE LURE OF THE SCARF.

In this age of draperies the scarf is sure to have its innings. Scarves there are of every variety, from the simple little shirred chiffon affairs to the more beautiful ones in net exquisitely embroidered. For the evening these embroidered scarves are positively entrancing. They blend perfectly with the sartorial picture, for it is difficult to find a ball gown which has not the touch of silver or gold somewhere in its makeup. Considering the fine hand embroidery the prices of \$12.50 and \$15 asked for these scarves is remarkably cheap. Such a scarf would form a delightful accessory to the dinner gown of voile de soie embroidered in silver, shown in the photograph. The soft drapings of the scarf would take away from the severity of this frock, which might be a bit trying if the wearer were not blessed with a perfect figure.

For the street there are very good-looking scarves of silk in



No. 8. These two smart walking costumes display many of the new style features. The gown at the left is fashioned from a taupe-colored broche crêpe trimmed with ermine which matches the draped muff. The costume at the right shows a skirt of chocolate Menier moiré, with a jacket of a much lighter shade in velours de lamé, trimmed with a collar of ermine. Narrow strips of the ermine outline the vest.



No. 7. A wrap in the new "Nell Rose" velvet, with a fullness held by a band of moussian fur.



No. 5. Old blue brocade and velours have been cleverly combined in this evening wrap, with trimmings of ermine.

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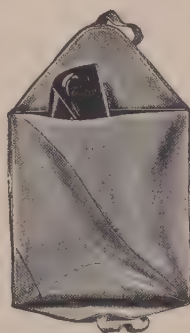
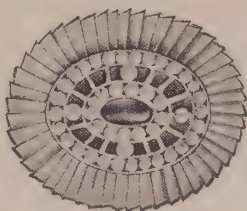
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Alike to Donor and Recipient"*



A dainty negligee from some relative or an intimate earns a double welcome at this season.

**Matinees, Tea Gowns,  
Boudoir Robes,  
Caps and Slippers,  
Bed Jackets.**

**Separate Blouses,  
Dancing Frocks,  
Evening Wraps.**

276 (as illustrated). Charming negligee of soft crepe de chine, in any color, with graceful drapings of shadow lace, chiffon frills and Pompadour ribbon. Price, \$27.50

Ready to wear or made to measure at short notice; moderately priced.

Many other suggestions will be found in our catalog "F," sent out of town upon request

**Lane Bryant** 25 West 38th St., N. Y.





No. 1. An exquisite dinner gown developed in poppy pink brocade with drapings of black net. The overdress of lace is arranged to fall in graceful folds in the back. The net is draped in a wing effect on the back of the corsage. Black velvet belt with rhinestone buckle.

all the popular shades, blue, red, brown, mauve and of course black and white, which are draped at either end and weighted with a long black silk tassel. To curl around the throat on one of the mild days which break out every once in a while during the frosty months such a scarf will be most acceptable, and the price of \$4.50 brings it within the pocketbook of everyone.

#### HER EVENING FROCKS.

The woman to whom Santa Claus is planning to bring a nice fat cheque is sure to spend some of it, at least, on one of the alluring evening frocks. With balls, dinners and the opera, and in these days the theatre, where full-dress is now the rule, rather than the exception, numerous evening frocks are required. They may be of chiffon such as the charming gown in the photograph. On this frock there is a tunic of creamy chiffon exquisitely embroidered in tiny gold sequins and crystal beads which catch the light and toss and throw it back again with every movement of the wearer.

These tunics can be purchased separately and are a boon to the woman who desires to use a satin frock of yesteryear as the foundation for a new evening gown. To procure the new motif of the season's modes—drapery—it is a comparatively simple matter to use more chiffon or tulle as is so well illustrated on this gown. The tunics range in price from \$12 and \$15 up to \$50 and \$100.

The entire range of brocaded fabrics—brocaded satin, crêpe de chine, velvet and taffeta—are all corraled for evening gowns. You can tell just how effective the brocaded satin is from the photograph of the poppy pink brocaded gown. Here black tulle was used to lend the desired draped effect, and lace formed the principal trimming. Many of these brocaded fabrics are so decorative in themselves that they require practically no trimming, a little lace perhaps, a touch of fur, or the softening drapery of chiffon. Velvet is another highly favored fabric for the handsome evening gown and such regal trimmings as gold or silver lace, ermine or sable, and garnitures which sparkle with thousands of precious stones are strongly featured. All of these handsome stuffs, however, cannot oust from favor the filmy chiffon, plain or embroidered. There is a world of allurements in this diaphanous fabric which drapes so softly around the figure, and hangs in such sinuous, revealing folds.

#### THE SMARTLY GOWNED WOMAN ABROAD AND AT HOME.

For the best street costume—and in these days every well-dressed woman knows that at least three street costumes are necessary—velvet and moiré are prime favorites. The broche stuffs are likewise extensively used. The moiré costume photographed for this article is a simple one but characterized by all the distinguishing points. The skirt gives the lines of the straight and narrow silhouette, yet there is a decidedly new note sounded in the tucks in the front which are stitched to below the hip line. As we should expect, this suit is trimmed with fur—the taupe fox—which is one of the season's novelties. There is almost a negligé air conveyed by the coat, but this is the appearance which the Russian blouse lends, and it is one of the smartest of the coat styles, vying with the cutaway fronts for first place.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.  
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

For the little afternoon gowns there are modes of every description, from the simplest little creations which owe their distinction to the color of the belt or the cut of the sleeve to elaborate creations of the broche materials, velvets and satins. Not all women know that they can buy for the small sum of \$19.75 a pretty frock of black charmeuse with the fulness of the skirt draped to the front, and a dainty white hemstitched lingerie yoke. For \$10 more there is a good-looking gown, also in black charmeuse with the drapery of the skirt caught low at one side. The waist has one of the new vests of white satin flanked on either side by black velvet bands simulating revers. A color note is struck with the amber buttons which are one of the fads of the year.

The numerous plays revolving around Japan and the Far East has created a vogue for everything Oriental. One of its most comforting phases is the new house costume. This consists of a skirt, preferably a plain black silk skirt, accordion plaited if desired, and a Japanese robe beautifully embroidered. These robes can be procured as low as \$12.24 and run up to \$56.50. Very often the mandarin coats are chosen in preference to the Japanese robes and these range in price from \$12.89 to \$97.50. There is a world of comfort in this arrangement which is different from the usual run of house gowns, and, therefore, appealing to the woman whose artistic instincts permit her to dare a bit and wear something individual.

#### THE LITTLE ACCESSORIES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

To get something new in the way of a headdress is the desire of every woman who longs to be considered well gowned. With her, the new headdresses from across the seas will make an instant raid upon her pocketbook. There is a velvet band so generously embroidered with jewels that it gives the effect of an entire band of sparkling, glimmering stones. This bit of decoration, so bright, so alive with color, is caught with a queer buckle, one of those unusual French conceptions of a tiger's head. From the first glance one would know that this was an imported novelty, although the price of \$15 might not signify it. The same shop is making a specialty of tiny aigrettes and gourahs mounted with jewels. Against the feathery blackness the jewels stand out in all their brilliancy. \$25 and \$30, according to the jewels, are asked for these effective bits of headdressing.

For opera bags the newest are the double bags held by bracelets to be worn on the wrist if desired. They are very appropriate Christmas gifts, and are inexpensively priced at \$25.

The woman who is searching for a novelty in gloves will be delighted to hear of the so-called Robespierre glove with its turnback cuff of another color, or faced with lace, which sells for \$2.50.

There never was a woman who didn't delight in silk stockings and who didn't hail a gift of them with glee. This year you may buy for her the new shot silk stockings which give such a bewitching changeable effect. These come in all silk for \$5, with the shot effect reaching to the calf, thus



No. 3. A stunning reception costume can be fashioned from old blue moiré. The skirt, which has its plainness broken in the front with two tucks, is finished around the bottom with taupe fox. This fur forms the collar of the coat and edges the fronts. There is the suggestion of the Russian blouse in the folded belt, which appears at the sides and in the back, caught with large crocheted buttons.



## CHRISTMAS GIFT



Ornamented Pearl Clasp. Delightfully chic and effective neck-dress. MALINE or VELVET RIBBON.

Adjustable to any bow. Very Parisian and at the same time practical. Saves ribbon, time and patience. Looks like clasp of genuine pearls. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

Maline or Velvet Bow (any color) with clasp, all in strong box, prepaid, for 50c. The two top illustrations are fancy French Pearl Clasps with Maline Bows or Velvet, either one in box, postpaid, \$1.

Send TODAY for PARIS BOW CLASPS, before you forget it, for yourself and CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

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A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

# CHENEY SILKS

## For Winter Wear

With the advent of the social season silks play their most prominent part in fashionable attire. Satin Charmeuse is deservedly the most favored of all the season's silks, for it is unusually well suited to present dress requirements.

Crêpe de Chine, Crêpe Meteor, Liberty Satins, Failles, Bengallines, Moires, Satin Empress (a new Cheney Silk), Toile de Soie, and a new line of Brocades (in dark and evening shades) are all very fashionable and all are included among the many kinds of Cheney Silks sold by better stores. Prudence, however, and a desire to secure the genuine Cheney Silks should remind you to look for the name which is stamped on the end of each piece and on the label.

Cheney Silks are of superior quality, and include practically every kind of goods made of silk—whether for dresses, millinery, decoration or upholstery, the haberdasher or manufacturer. Man or woman.

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*Silk Manufacturers*

4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York



**"The Star of Soapdom"**

**Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap**

Every woman realizes that one of the chief requisites of beauty is a clear complexion.

**Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap**

with its purity and fragrance is a toilet necessity—an aid to beauty.

It is a complexion soap of the most delicate texture. It lathers freely, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin cool, smooth, refreshed. Made in this assortment:

Buttermilk and Violet  
Buttermilk and Roses

Buttermilk and Glycerin  
Buttermilk

10 cents the cake

50 cents the box of 6

At Your Druggists

\$1.00 Each

50 Cents Each

35c. Each  
\$1.00 for set of 3

## A Dainty Xmas Gift

Wholesale Prices Quoted

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The American Girl Tailored Bow or Neckwear in Velvet on Pin, Trimmed With Hand Made French Ribbon Roses, Fifteen colors. A smart trifle to complete the costume.

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giving a more elastic upper part, for \$4, and in a wool and silk combination for \$2.50. Or you may select for \$6 one of the new gray silk stockings which are quite the newest idea in stockings. There are numerous designs from the clocks in black or white to more complicated combinations of black and white embroidery. These gray stockings can likewise be bought in the best French lisle for \$1.75 to \$2.50. The gold silk stockings to wear with the stunning gold tissue slippers cost \$2.50. There are also wonderfully effective stockings to be worn with these slippers of gold in black silk embroidered in gold sequins for \$10.50. Bowknots outlined in rhinestones bring a black silk stocking up to \$9.75. Lace inserts in the stockings make an exceedingly dainty stocking which can be purchased for \$5.25, while the fish nets command \$2.50.

One of the very daintiest and prettiest gifts for the débutante and her older sister is the clasp holder of pearls—French pearls of course—which does away with all the fuss and bother of tying a bow. In this season of bows such a clasp is a friend which few of us can do without. You merely have to fold your bow and close your pretty little clasp around it. It matters not whether the bow is for the neck or the hair, or the slippers. This clever novelty sells for the ridiculously small price of twenty-five cents, and for seventy-five cents you can secure with it the attractive pendants of French pearls. You can even procure a maline bow with the holder for fifty cents, while for a dollar an effective butterfly bow in the French pearls can be bought attached to a maline bow. The bows on the ribbon for the hair or slippers cost \$1.

#### JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

Music hath its charms to drive away carking care, but it is no more subtle in its appeal than perfume. There is a close connection between the two, so close, in fact, that one of the most alluring extracts has been named for a celebrated composer. This perfume is a bouquet odor, but as delicate, as fragrant, as delightful as the music with which this gifted woman has won so many hearts. The

perfume is such an intimate, personal thing, a part of one's very soul, as it were, certainly of one's individuality, that it is difficult to choose it for another. There is, however, an appeal made by this extract which is at once so refined, so cultured, if one may thus express it, and so enticingly sweet, without being heavy or insistent, that one need not fear the criticism of the most fastidious of women. It is packed in a soft brown box, in perfect keeping with the modest nature of the scented liquid, and makes a most attractive gift for \$3.50 to \$7.

A cream may seem a homely gift at Christmastide, but it will be assuredly a welcome one, particularly if the cream is of the best quality. It is far from easy to find a cream which does not have some detrimental ingredients. It may be the preservatives which will harm delicate skins, yet in creams which must keep fresh in drug stores for many months preservatives are necessary. There is one cream which does not require any preservative, because it is only sold by the master of the compound. You have thus the

satisfaction of knowing that the cream was made specifically for you and, therefore, comes to you delightfully fresh. It is a delicious cream to use, softening and whitening the skin, after cleansing it of all the tiny dirt specks which clog up the pores and give the complexion a muddy, dingy tinge. It has an invigorating effect on the relaxed muscles of the face, which in their despair give to the face that much dreaded flabby condition to suggest horrors of which we would not think. It is perhaps a little more expensive at a dollar a jar than some of the other creams, but it is well worth the few extra cents, making up in quality far more than the difference in price.

From Paris comes the jolliest of Christmas gifts for the woman who revels in the unusual and who prides herself upon possessing something a little newer than her friends. This gift is a boudoir cushion, but such a cushion, so different from anything in this country. In fact, it is so Parisian that an American manufacturer frankly admitted that he could not copy it. It is different in shape, different in stuffing, different in material and very, very different in its appeal. It is fashioned from a rosy tint of damask, and each pillow boasts a different motto. Some are enhanced with more embroidery than others. On one bearing the French notion of a cannon there was this inscription, "Vive le feu," three times, each time growing fainter. Another read, "L'Abbeff de buffiere un jour dans so jardin, attacha sa jarretière d'avant un capucin." While a third displayed "O ma bergère entre tes bras je passerai my vie." As a present for the woman on whom wealth and nature have bestowed all the blessings this should be an inspiration.

#### FOR THE MALE MEMBER.

"What shall I give HIM?" is the most perplexing question for almost any woman as the holiday season grows nearer day by day. It takes only a few seconds to cross off all the usual presents given to a man, and there remains—what? Of pins and studs and links, he already has enough to stock a jeweler's case. The triumph is to find something that he hasn't, and something that will bring real joy.

To the man who is a lover of the beautiful, and who already has all the available gifts for a man, there may be some suggestions in the lovely enamel articles. One may be forgiven for sending a pencil enhanced with a strip of beautiful enamel, where the ordinary pencil would meet with a scornful reception. A handsome gold pencil with a strip of enamel encircling the center may be purchased for ten dollars. The cleverest idea, however, is the set of red, blue and black pencils, the different colors being signified by the colored enamels, arranged in a red leather case. To be sure such a case is priced at \$30, but it is such a thoroughly good-looking gift that the woman who is desirous of sending just the correct remembrance will not hesitate. There is a similar case for \$40. This case when opened reveals a pocket knife, a paper cutter and a pencil. These three very useful articles are made entrancingly lovely with enamels in any color you may wish—



No. 4. The design embroidered in silver beads on mauve voile de soie is too beautiful to be hidden by the drapery, which is carried well to the back of this handsome dinner gown. The corsage is a simple affair of chiffon, with the draped sleeve finished by a band of marabout. A lovely bit of color is introduced in satin flowers of various mauve and yellow tints.



No. 6. The vogue for the black and white gown is illustrated by this afternoon frock of white charmeuse with trimmings of black velvet. The drapery is caught directly in the front by a strap of the velvet. A novel effect is produced by facing the overskirt. The high-waisted line of the bodice is marked by shirrings. The revers of the material and the low shoulder seam are two features of the season's modes.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.  
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## Parfum LA VALSE

JUST as the exquisite dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky in "The Spectre of the Rose," to Weber's "Invitation a la Valse" enchanted the civilized world, so has the fascinating new Morny perfume, "La Valse," captivated the world of fashion. "La Valse" should achieve even wider fame than its well-known predecessor, Parfum "Chaminade," so exquisite and satisfying is its fragrance, and so indefinitely beautiful is it in its complex modernity, its elusive intensity and its delicate and subtle suggestiveness.

PARFUM "LA VALSE" -	- - -	\$3.00, \$6.00
"La Valse" Bath Salts -	\$1.25, \$3.30, \$7.50	
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"La Valse" Toilet Soap (3 tablets) -	- - -	\$2.50
"La Valse" Bath Soap Bowls, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$8.25		
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With the Play Diary these pleasures do not end with the evening.

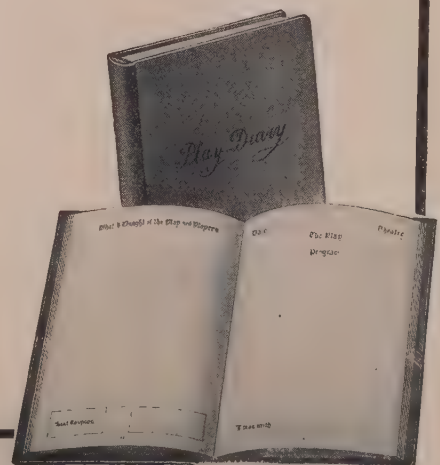
The Play Diary is a handsome book, 10x14, beautifully bound in silk cloth. Japanese vellum used throughout and gold lettering on the covers. It contains 80 pages with title page and index.

Four pages are reserved for each play—with printed headings for the date, name of the theatre, the play, a place for the Programme, names for the members of the party, two pages for illustrations, a page for personal criticisms and reviews, and space for the seat coupons.

It makes an attractive addition to your library table and is a source of much interest and pleasure not only to yourself, but to your friends.

Price \$3.00—sent prepaid

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pink, blue, red, lavender or green. The toilet sets in enamel are fascinating beyond words. There is one set in an exquisite gray enamel rimmed with white and a line of gold that is especially appropriate for a man, because all the toilet necessities are com-

pactly arranged in a gray leather case which may be placed complete on the dressing table, and easily packed in the week-end bag when desired. As if to add a truly masculine touch there is a clock set into the front of the case, for the average man is as proverbially punctual as the woman is tardy. It is a truly regal gift, the price running well up into the three figures, but it is in perfect taste, and sure to appeal to the most critical of men.

Each year a new cigarette tray is placed on the market to catch the pennies of the doting mother or sweetheart. There is much that is practical in a new case shown in one of the exclusive shops. Instead of the square, shallow box containing a hundred or so cigarettes, this new stand is comparatively high and narrow, and just large

*The coat of moleskin is the fad of the winter. The newest coats show a clever arrangement of the pelts which gives the fashionable draped effect. A luxurious touch is added by the sailor collar of white, unspotted ermine matching the large pillow muff enhanced with the tails. The hat is also of moleskin, with an exquisitely shaded plume displaying the yellow and brown tints. The most effective stoles this season are those made from civit cat which may be combined with fox if desired. The skins are so skillfully arranged on the muff that they simulate a design. A drap of the same fur adorns the hat of plush trimmed with a black and white fantasy*

enough to hold a box of cigarettes, one piled upon the other. It is just the simplest action in the world, almost unconscious in fact, for a man to put out his hand and pick a cigarette from the top of the pile, far quicker and easier than to open a box and select one amongst a number. Its true value is apparent as soon as it is placed upon a desk, where a man smokes unconsciously while he writes. It is a graceful ornament, fashioned from silver, with pretty handles at the side, and has the advantage of novelty to recommend it.

There is something so very English and good-looking about the knitted scarves that any man would be delighted to find one in his stocking on Christmas morn. There is a variety of colors to choose from, but those in a changeable black and white, or blue and black, are particularly chic, for most men shy from vivid colorings. For \$6.50 they are warmly to be recommended as this amount does not go far when one is selecting jewelry.

A decidedly personal gift, but one that will be keenly appreciated because it is sure to fill a long-felt want, is a combination manicure set. This very neat and compact set comes to us from Germany, with all that is necessary to give the nails a good polish combined in one celluloid article. The shape is suggestive of the old-fashioned buffer, and is, in fact, a buffer with a polisher at either end. Over one end a preparation is spread which gives an excellent shine to the nails, to be smoothed and polished off afterwards by the chamois piece on the other side. If one has the nails manicured once a week it is a very easy matter to keep them perfectly groomed with this ingenious contrivance. It is such a blessing to have all the necessary paraphernalia combined in one apparatus, for many precious minutes can be squandered in hunting for the salve, the powder and the buffer, all sure to be in the various corners of the room. The size of the article determines its price, the smallest ones selling for \$1.50, with the larger ones at \$2.50 and \$3.

There is nothing, except perhaps its compactness and conven-

ience, that marks it as more appropriate for a man than for a woman, but it is so difficult to discover practical gifts for the lords of creation that anything which might appeal to their common sense is eagerly seized upon. For this reason the traveling clocks with the radium hands and dots of radium at the hour figures are sure to be warmly welcomed by the man who is fortunate enough to receive one. These clocks are made just like the other clocks sold in leather cases for traveling, their distinction lying in the fact that they will prove as true a friend by night as by day. The clocks sell for \$18 or \$20, depending upon the leather of the case. There are also watches in gun-metal with the same radium illuminating powers which can be secured for \$8. Just think of doing away forever with that bromidic excuse, "it was dark that I couldn't tell the time." For the early bird who would catch the financial worm there is an alarm clock, whose radium hands will point out the hour before dawn if necessary. \$10 is the selling price of these small alarm clocks.

#### TRULY FEMININE GIFTS.

Every woman dearly loves a piece of real lace, and, despite the fads and fancies of fashion, the delicate, effective Irish lace, particularly the baby Irish lace, never loses caste. When one is giving a gift of this lace, however, she is very anxious to procure the genuine, for though the imitations are clever, the lover of real laces can detect at once their value. It is well worth while, therefore, to learn of a shop—and on the Avenue, too—where real Irish laces may be purchased at bargain prices. Imagine a deep sailor collar in baby Irish lace with cuffs to match selling for \$3.50. Why, it would bring \$9 in almost any shop. A most effective jabot of the sheerest of French lawn generously trimmed with the baby Irish lace and insertion can be secured for \$2, whereas it would cost at least \$3.50 anywhere else. For \$1.95 you can possess a V-shaped yoke and attached high collar of baby Irish with the popular rose design brought into bold relief, and no one need to be ashamed of sending a friend a bow knot of baby Irish which costs only ninety-five cents. The owner of this shop imports his laces directly from Ireland, saving a middleman's profit, which thus enables him to offer his customers a most attractive reduction in prices. In addition to the neckwear, he sells the loveliest of blouses and underwear, many of them enhanced with lace insets. For the very modest sum of \$1.50 it is possible to buy there a night-robe with an Irish lace crochet yoke and short kimono sleeves finished with the Irish edging.

Laces and jewels are synonymous in many women's minds. Both of them are lovely in themselves, but far more entrancing when they are adorning the fairest of the feminine sex. This season there is a renewed interest in the watch. For several seasons it has dangled in miniature form from the chain around the neck; this winter it has found a resting place on the wrist. The first watch bracelets to receive recognition from the fashionable world were those in



*Ermine scarf trimmed with seal skin. Small toque in ermine and seal skin.*



**A Delicate Shell-like Pink**

is imparted to the nails by the use of

**COGSWELL'S SEA SHELL TINT**

Lightly applied with a camel's hair-brush, it remains on the nails for several days. Price 50 Cents

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comes as a welcome friend to tired, aching feet. Allays inflammation, reduces swelling. An excellent remedy in the treatment of chilblains and inflamed bunions. Its ingredients are so pure and soothing that it may be used with perfect safety on any part of the body. - - - Price \$1.00

**REDUCING SALVE**

is a scientific discovery for the reduction of excess flesh. It necessitates no change in one's diet or daily routine of living. Unlike other reducing salves, it is a most beneficial tonic for the nerves. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. \$2.00 a jar

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Surgeon-Chiropody and Expert Manicuring

**Improve Your Complexion, Your Figure, and Your Health**

Thousands of beautiful women thank Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers for their clear, beautiful skin, their graceful figures and good health.

If your complexion needs improvement, if you are weak, nervous, thin, or in any respect not at your very best, try Dr. Campbell's Wafers today.

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Absolutely safe and harmless to anybody. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

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**Franklin Simon & Co.**

Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York

**Japanese Embroidered Quilted Silk Gown**

Sizes 32 to 44 bust

No. 78. HAND - EMBROIDERED IMPORTED JAPANESE QUILTED SILK GOWN, in navy or light blue, pink, red, violet, gray, brown, or black, silk lined, handsomely hand-embroidered in silk, fastened with silk frogs, cord and tassels . . Value \$15.75 **10.95**

No. 78a Same model without embroidery. Value \$9.75 **6.75**

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Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Silk Hosiery, Toilet Sets, Perfumery, Neckwear, Corsage Bouquets, Furs. Silk and Lingerie Underwear, Slippers, Boudoir Gowns and Caps.

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

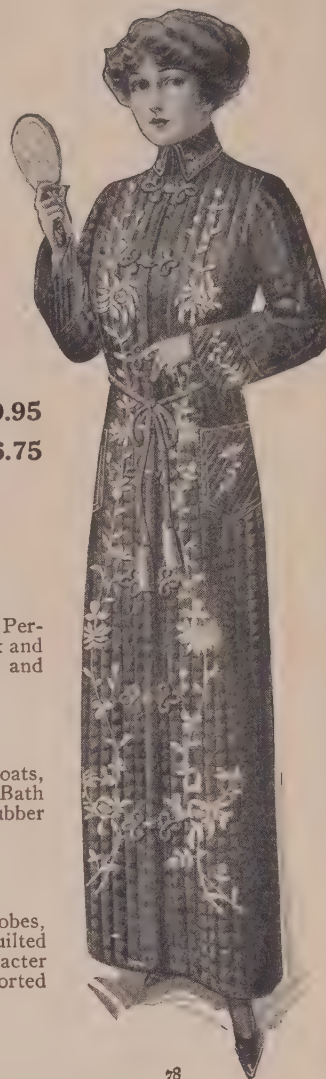
Handkerchiefs, Handkerchief Cases, Mackinaw Coats, Sweaters, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Neckwear, Bath Robes, Shoes, Slippers, Rain Coats, Hats, and Rubber Boots.

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**FOR MEN**

Military Hair Brushes, Gloves, Umbrellas, Canes, Steamer Rugs, Handkerchiefs, Handkerchief Cases, Hosiery, Neckwear and Furnishings.



78

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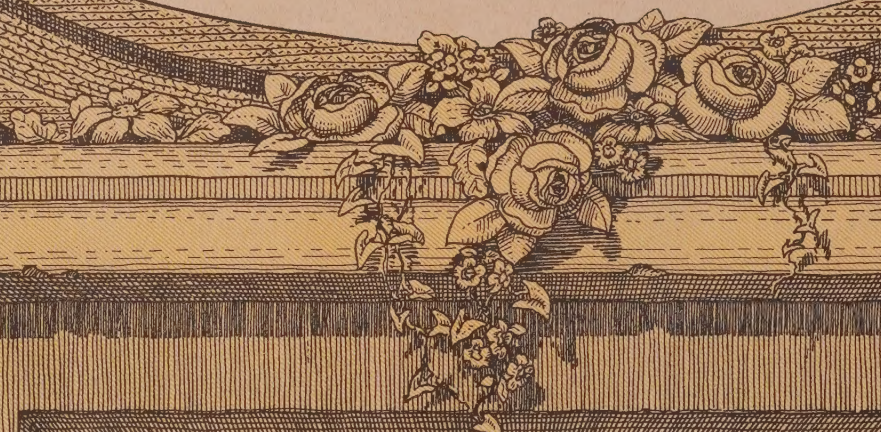
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